

SCREENLAND



February

15¢



Dana Andrews and Merle Oberon
in "NIGHT SONG" Novelized in This Issue

The Most Revolutionary Undie Designed in a Decade!

You **DON'T** need a Girdle?

You **DON'T** like a Garter Belt?

THEN YOU'LL BE MAD ABOUT...

Suspants

by Blue  Swan

The undie that can be worn with garters
... and never slips off the waist.

All you fashion-wise lassies can pass the good word along...SUSPANTS is the thrilling new star of the "undie" world. It's goodbye to girdles and garter belts! Just attach garters and you have an undie—with GARTER TABS—that suspends stockings wrinkle-free, and mysteriously hugs your waist whether you bend, twist or stand on your head. The secret is the new "pivot-point" bias pattern—which neutralizes, thus eliminating, all pull. Moreover, SUSPANTS exerts just enough figure control to make it the perfect accessory for evening and daytime wear—with or without garters. Featured at all leading stores... individually cellophane wrapped... in all colors, \$1.50 and up.

JUNIOR MISS SIZES: 9 TO 17

Blue  Swan

MILLS

Division of McKay Products Corp.
Empire State Bldg., New York, N.Y.

A MCKAY PRODUCT
Pat. App. for

"Party line out of order, Honey?"



GIRL: What do you mean, *party line*? I *never* get a buzz to go to a party. As far as men are concerned, this is strictly a dead wire!

CUPID: For whom the bell doesn't toll, eh? Well, Gloom Child, didn't it ever occur to you that the big-time operators like their party girls equipped with dazzling smiles?

GIRL: And where do I phone for one of *those*? I brush my teeth—but *regularly*. And I *still* wind up with the same old wrong-number smile!

CUPID: Hmmmm... Been noticing any "pink" on your tooth brush these days?

GIRL: Uh-huh—the *loveliest* shade of pink you ever—

CUPID: For your information, Cookie, that "pink" means *see your dentist*. Could be serious. Or could be that soft foods are robbing your gums of exercise. In which case, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and gentle massage."



GIRL: And—zing!—I get a smile that sparkles like sequins, I suppose?

CUPID: Listen, dateless-and-mateless: A sparkling smile depends so much on firm, healthy gums. So if your dentist advises Ipana and massage, pay attention! Get yourself an Ipana smile, Honey... and you'll have to get a switchboard to handle your calls!

never ignore
"pink
tooth
brush"



Ipana




Product of Bristol-Myers

For your Smile of Beauty



Follow your dentist's advice about gum massage. Correct massage is so important to the health of your gums and the beauty of your smile that 9 out of 10 dentists recommend it regularly or in special cases, according to a recent national survey. Same survey shows dentists recommend and use Ipana 2 to 1 over any other tooth paste! Help your dentist guard your smile of beauty!

One of the greatest
novels  Sinclair Lewis
ever wrote...now becomes
one of the screen's most
dramatic love stories
from M-G-M



SPENCER TRACY • LANA TURNER

ZACHARY SCOTT

*Cass
Timberlane*

TOM DRAKE • MARY ASTOR • ALBERT DEKKER

Screen Play by DONALD OGDEN STEWART • Adaptation by DONALD OGDEN STEWART and SONYA LEVIE
Based on the Novel by SINCLAIR LEWIS
Directed by GEORGE SIDNEY • Produced by ARTHUR HORNBLOW, JR.
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

SCREENLAND

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★
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MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS

SCREENLAND

Advertisement

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

At the first blush of Womanhood



by
VALDA SHERMAN

Many mysterious changes take place in your body as you approach womanhood. For instance, the apocrine glands under your arms begin to secrete daily a type of perspiration you have never known before. This is closely related to physical development and is especially evident in young women. It causes an unpleasant odor on both your person and your clothes.

No need for alarm—There is nothing "wrong" with you. It is just another sign you are now a woman, not a girl. It is also a warning that now you *must* select a truly effective underarm deodorant.

Two dangers to overcome—Underarm odor is a real handicap at this age when a girl wants to be attractive, and the new cream deodorant Arrid is made especially to overcome this very difficulty. It kills odor instantly, safely and surely, then by antiseptic action prevents the formation of all odor for many hours and keeps you safe. Moreover, it protects against a second danger—perspiration stains. The physical exertion, embarrassment and emotion of the teens and twenties can cause the apocrine glands to fairly gush perspiration. A dance, a date, an embarrassing remark may easily make you perspire and offend as well as ruin a dress.

All deodorants not alike—Don't take chances! Rely on Arrid which stops underarm perspiration as well as odor. No other deodorant gives you the same intimate protection as Arrid's exclusive formula. That's why Arrid is so popular with girls your age. They buy more Arrid than any other age group. More nurses—more men and women everywhere—use Arrid than any other deodorant.

How to protect yourself—You'll find the new Arrid a snowy, stainless cream that smooths on and disappears in a jiffy. Never gritty or grainy. The American Institute of Laundering has awarded Arrid its Approval Seal—harmless to fabrics. Gentle, antiseptic Arrid will not irritate skin. No other deodorant tested stops perspiration and odor so completely yet so safely!

Don't be half-safe—During this "age of courtship," don't let perspiration problems spoil your fun. Don't be half-safe—be Arrid-safe! Use Arrid to be sure. Get Arrid right away, only 39¢ plus tax at your favorite drug counter.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

A Medal for "Mr. De Long"



We're heroes to the countless women who use DeLong Bob Pins... They fasten a medal on us every time they step up to the counter and ask for DeLong, the Bob Pin with the Stronger Grip... We're grateful, too. That's why we spare no effort to turn out a better Bob Pin, one made of stronger steel that keeps its snap and shape longer and stays in your hair dutifully. Always remember DeLong for—

Stronger Grip Won't Slip Out



Quality Manufacturers for Over 50 Years
BOB PINS HAIR PINS SAFETY PINS
HOOKS & EYES HOOK & EYE TAPES
SNAPS PINS SANITARY BELTS

HOT from Hollywood

Girls! Don't bemoan and wail because that old suit has a too-short hemline. Dan Dailey has a most intriguing solution, as he demonstrates here on co-star Jeanne Crain, giving the flapper-age suit she wears in "You Were Meant for Me" that Smart New Look.



JUDY GARLAND pulled a wonderful gag on Fred Astaire—which proves the "old" Judy (healthy and happy) is back again. They went into the projection room to look at a test of one of the dances they'll do in "Easter Parade." But instead, Judy had arranged for the operator to run off that number Fred Astaire did with Joan Crawford on a floating magic carpet in "Dancing Lady." It was Fred's very first appearance before the camera.

"IT isn't raining rain, you know—it's raining violets." Ann Sothorn sang the line in "April Showers" but there were no violets in her heart recently, when she announced she would divorce Robert Sterling. Poor consolation though it may be, Ann knows she did everything within her power to preserve their marriage. For one year following their first separation they tried to work things out. Bob's career is finally on its way. He's terrific in "Roughshod" and RKO plans to star him.

THE Ray Millands were back from England only a few weeks when they found their ideal hilltop home. The day the storage company sent over their stuff, one of the moving men asked Ray for an autographed photograph. He searched from the cellar to the roof and finally dug up one. It was taken when Ray was a contract player at MGM! It could only happen to the modest Milland.

THE NEARER THEY GET TO THEIR TREASURE
THE FARTHER THEY GET FROM THE LAW!

...And the more
they yearn for their
women's arms,
the fiercer is their
lust for the gold that
must be torn from
those dangerous hills!

THE

TREASURE OF THE SIERRA MADRE

WARNER BROS.

hit a new high in high adventure...
bringing another great
best-seller to the
screen!



STARRING HUMPHREY

BOGART

AND WALTER

HUSTON

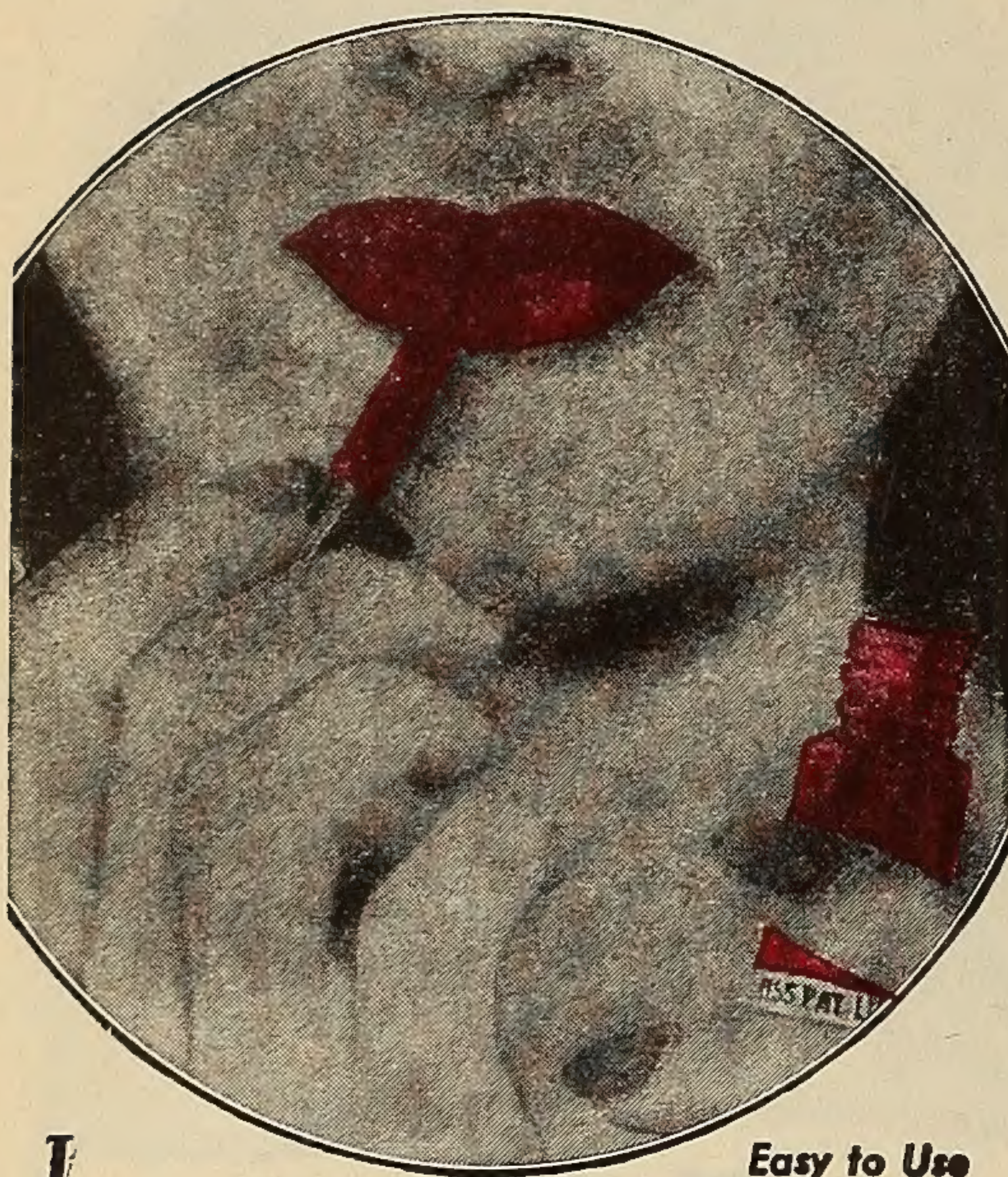
TIM HOLT • BRUCE BENNETT

DIRECTED BY JOHN HUSTON • PRODUCED BY HENRY BLANKE

SCREEN PLAY BY JOHN HUSTON • BASED ON THE NOVEL BY B. TRAVEN • MUSIC BY MAX STEINER



NEW!
a liquid 'LIPSTICK'
Can't Smear!
Won't Rub Off!
Gives Exotic Color!



Instantly...
make **YOUR** lips more thrilling!

Here's the most important charm discovery since the beginning of beauty. A 'lipstick,' at last, that actually can't smear—that really won't rub off—and that will keep your lips satin smooth and lovely. It isn't a lipstick at all. It's a lush liquid in the most romantic shades ever!

And it is so permanent.
Put it on at dusk
—it stays till dawn or longer. You can use it to make your cream lipstick smearproof, too. Just brush on a coat of Liquid Liptone over your lipstick. You'll love it.



And **CHEEKTONE**...
Roses in your cheeks without rouge! A "miracle" preparation. The effect is absolutely natural and lovely. Lasts all day.



LIQUID LIPTONE AND CHEEKTONE—newest exciting creations of Princess Pat—each \$1 plus tax.

SEND COUPON for generous Trial Sizes

PRINCESS PAT, Dept. 8162
2709 South Wells St., Chicago 16, Ill.
Send Trial Sizes. I enclose 12¢ (2¢ Fed. tax) for each.

Check shades wanted:

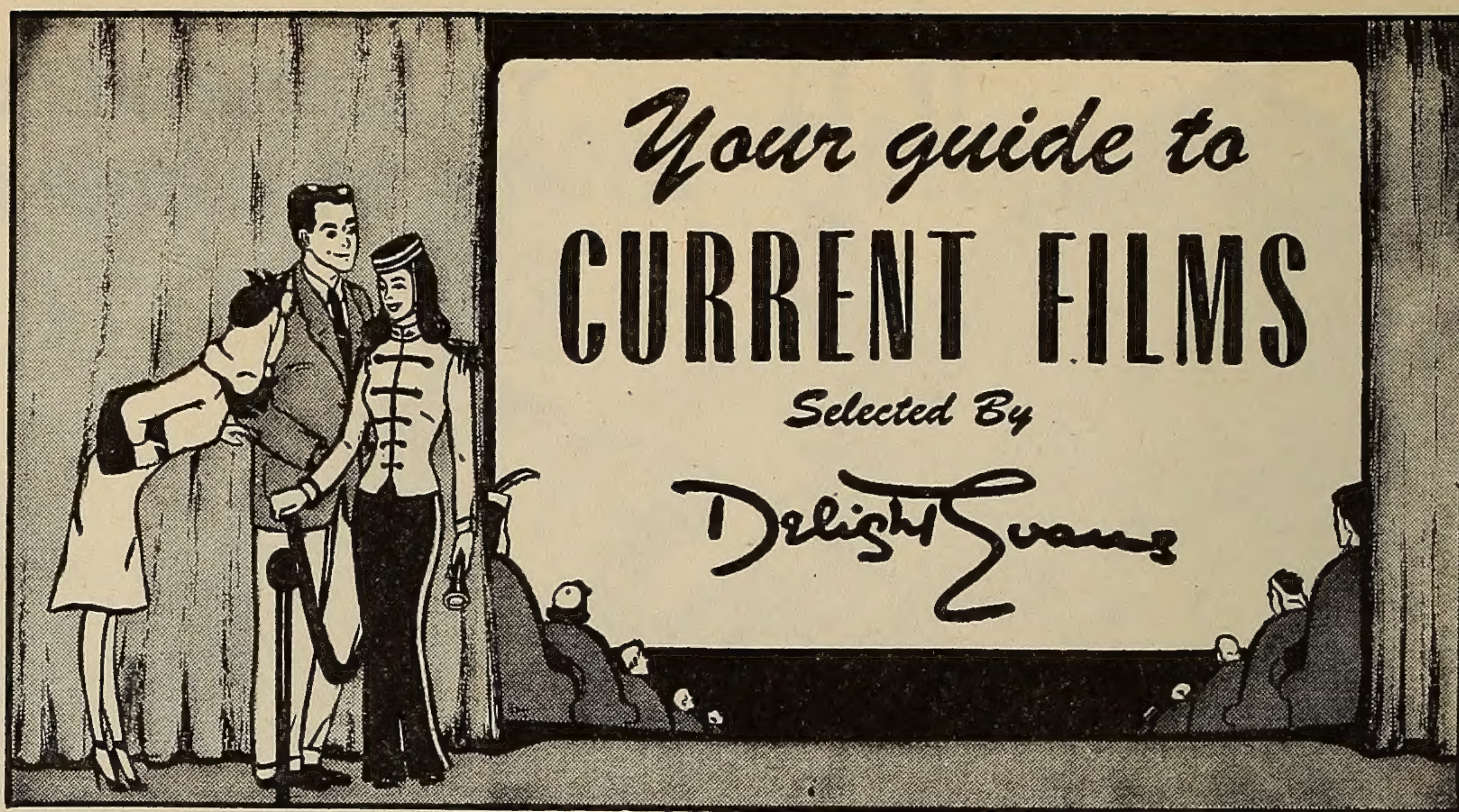
- ☐ Medium—Natural true red—very flattering.
- ☐ Gypsy—Vibrant deep red—ravishing.
- ☐ Regal—Glamorous rich burgundy.
- ☐ Scarlet—Flaming red—definitely tempting.
- ☐ Orchid—Exotic pink—romantic for evening.
- ☐ English Tint—Inviting coral-pink.

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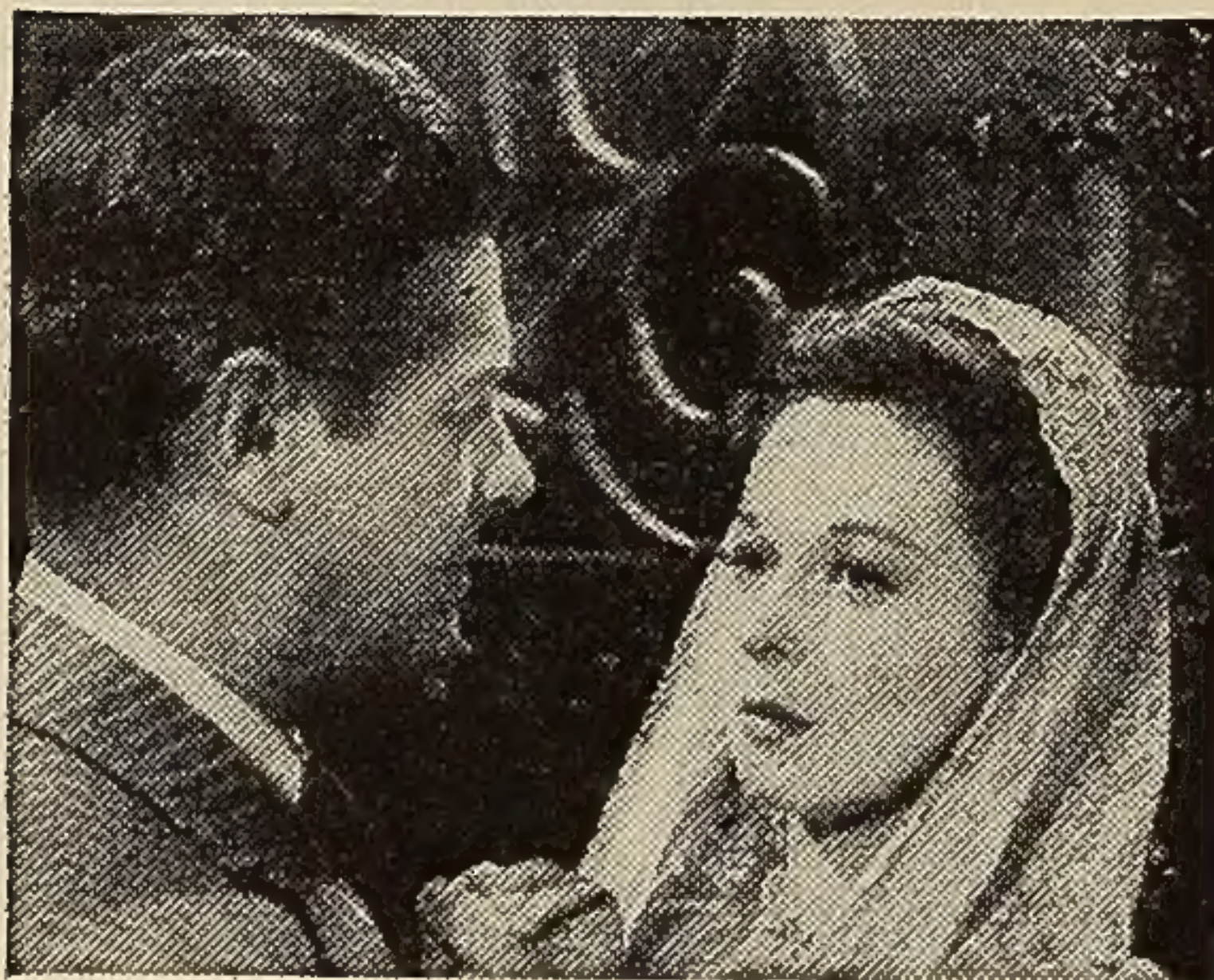
MY WILD IRISH ROSE



Warners



THE LOST MOMENT



Wanger-U.-I.



SO WELL REMEMBERED



J. A. Rank-RKO



CASS TIMBERLANE



MGM

SCREENLAND

Your guide to CURRENT FILMS

Selected By

Delight Evans

Here's the picture Dennis Morgan fans have been clamoring for—a lilting, colorful film based on Chauncey Olcott's life from a book by Rita Olcott. It's a heyday for the sons of the auld sod as well as enthusiasts for Irish tenors, and you'd never guess that Dennis Morgan is of Scandinavian descent from his convincing blarney and caroling. The story catches up with Olcott in his wandering minstrel days singing for nickels and dimes, introduces him to his future wife, lovely Arlene Dahl, and the famous beauty, Lillian Russell, played by stunning Andrea King. There's heartache and poignant tenderness in Olcott's struggle for success, and plenty of lavishly mounted song numbers to delight your senses. Ben Blue is in for comedy and Alan Hale stands out in a fine characterization.

Amid the somber surroundings of a bleak Venetian mansion of the 19th Century, Susan Hayward's highly sensitive performance as the emotionally and mentally unstable heroine of Henry James's novel, "The Aspern Papers," forms an absorbing picture. Credit her compelling performance and Martin Gabel's consistent, deliberate direction for maintaining suspense, with Robert Cummings responsible for more quickened pulses in the co-starring rôle as the publisher searching the old gloomy mansion for a literary scoop—a poet's letters to his sweetheart, still alive and alert at the great age of 105. The story, interesting as it is, however, is secondary to Susan's engrossing study of the schizophreniac, who, at intervals, imagines herself the poet's lovely, tragic sweetheart of a former generation.

As the idealistic mill town editor, housing commissioner, and finally Mayor with a deep respect for his poverty-ridden constituents, John Mills, so well remembered for his *Mr. Pip* in "Great Expectations," further endears himself to American movie-goers. His is a painstaking, thoughtful performance which stands out even among such fine characterizations as Martha Scott's as the ruthless wife whose negligence is the cause of their son's death as well as her own father's; and Trevor Howard's expert delineation of the drunken doctor who wages a heart-breaking fight against disease in filthy environment. It's a profound picture, dealing with a subject that has been an issue for many decades—the housing condition of slum areas, be it in a Lancashire mill town or anywhere else in the world.

The film version of Sinclair Lewis's popular novel adds another leaf to the laurel wreath Lana Turner earned in "Green Dolphin Street," and another for Spencer Tracy if there's any more room on his distinguished brow. For Spencer it is an easy-going rôle, as the small-town judge who marries a girl many years his junior, but for Lana Turner, as his wife from the wrong side of the tracks, it is a more exacting assignment, since the script requires her to cover a wide range of emotions. Her transition from high-spirited tomboy to the poise and charm of the young matron of the country-club set marks her genuine talent as an actress, not just a glamor gal. Zachary Scott plays the sophisticated heel with subtle charm. Discussions of marriage and justice add interest to well-told story.

CASANOVA !!

The World's Greatest Lover!
The Screen's Greatest Adventurer!

You'll THRILL to his rides through the night to a
rendezvous of passionate beauty!

You'll MARVEL as thousands of horsemen
storm across the screen to clash in crashing combat!

You'll be SWEPT by the excitement
of its romance...the fury of its adventure...
the magnificence of its spectacle!



"Adventures of CASANOVA"

Starring

ARTURO DE CORDOVA • LUCILLE BREMER
TURHAN BEY • NOREEN NASH with JOHN SUTTON
GEORGE TOBIAS

Produced by LEONARD PICKER
Directed by ROBERTO GAVALDON
Screenplay by CRANE WILBUR, WALTER
BULLOCK and KAREN DE WOLF
From a Story by CRANE WILBUR
An EAGLE LION FILMS Production

THE HAIR "MAKE-UP"

—for your
Color Type*



Created for REDHEADS

Four of Marchand's 12 rinse shades are ideal for redheads! "Light Golden Blonde" makes your natural hair color sparkle with highlights. "Titian Blonde" and "Henna" add coppery tones, while "Bronze" blends in little gray strands.

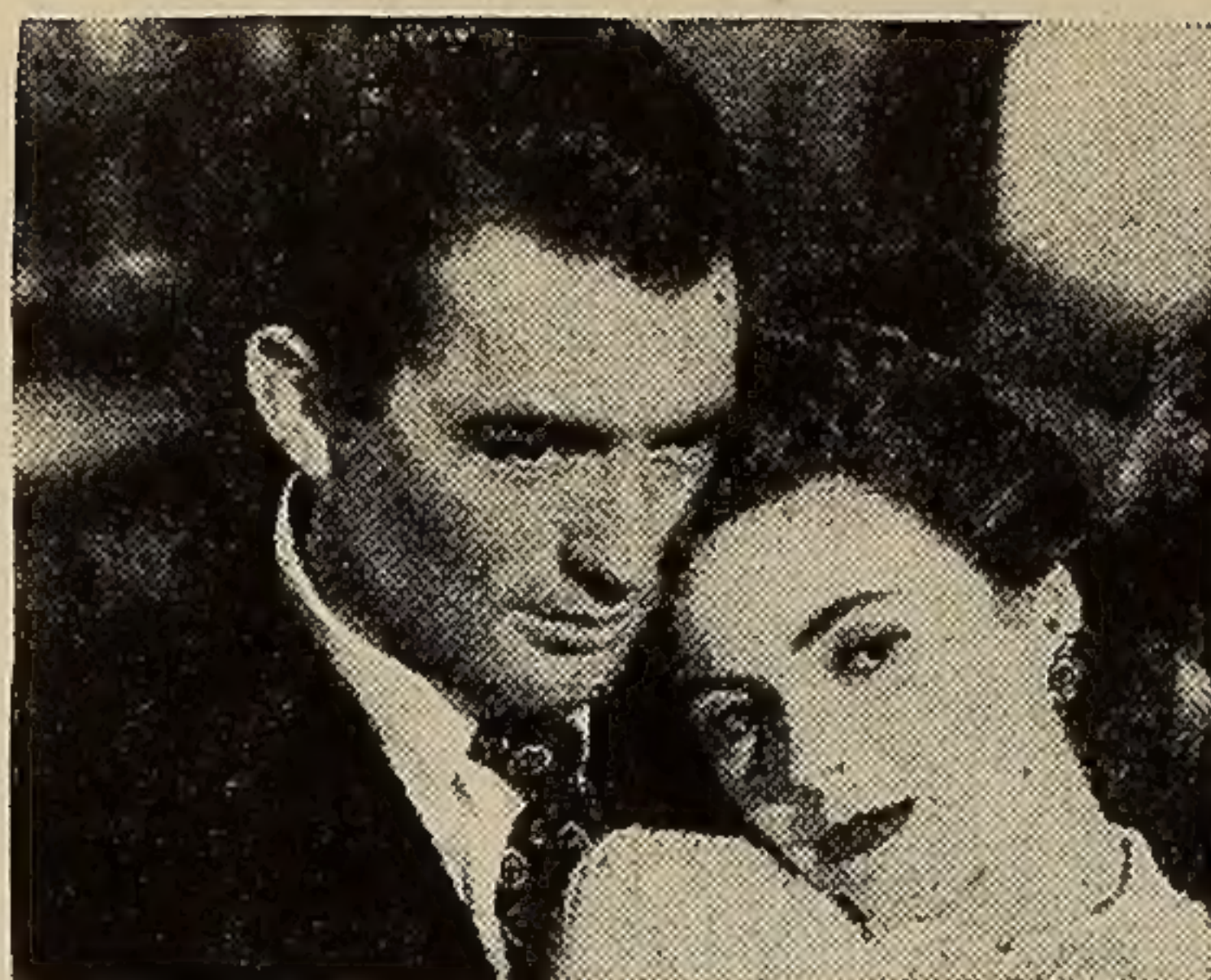
Colors for every hair type . . . blonde, brownette, brunette and redhead! Marchand's new color chart tells you which shade to use for the particular color effect you want . . . whether it's just a subtle color accent or a deeper, richer tone.

Glistening highlights, too! Marchand's "Make-Up" Rinse does what a shampoo alone cannot do. As it rinses out dulling soap film, it rinses in new lustre, leaving your hair shining, silken-soft and easier to manage.

Safe, easy-to-use. After every shampoo, simply dissolve Marchand's Rinse in warm water and brush or pour it through your hair. It's as easy as that! Not a bleach, not a permanent dye, it's as safe as lemon or vinegar and does so much more for your hair. It's made with government-approved colors that wash off with your next shampoo.

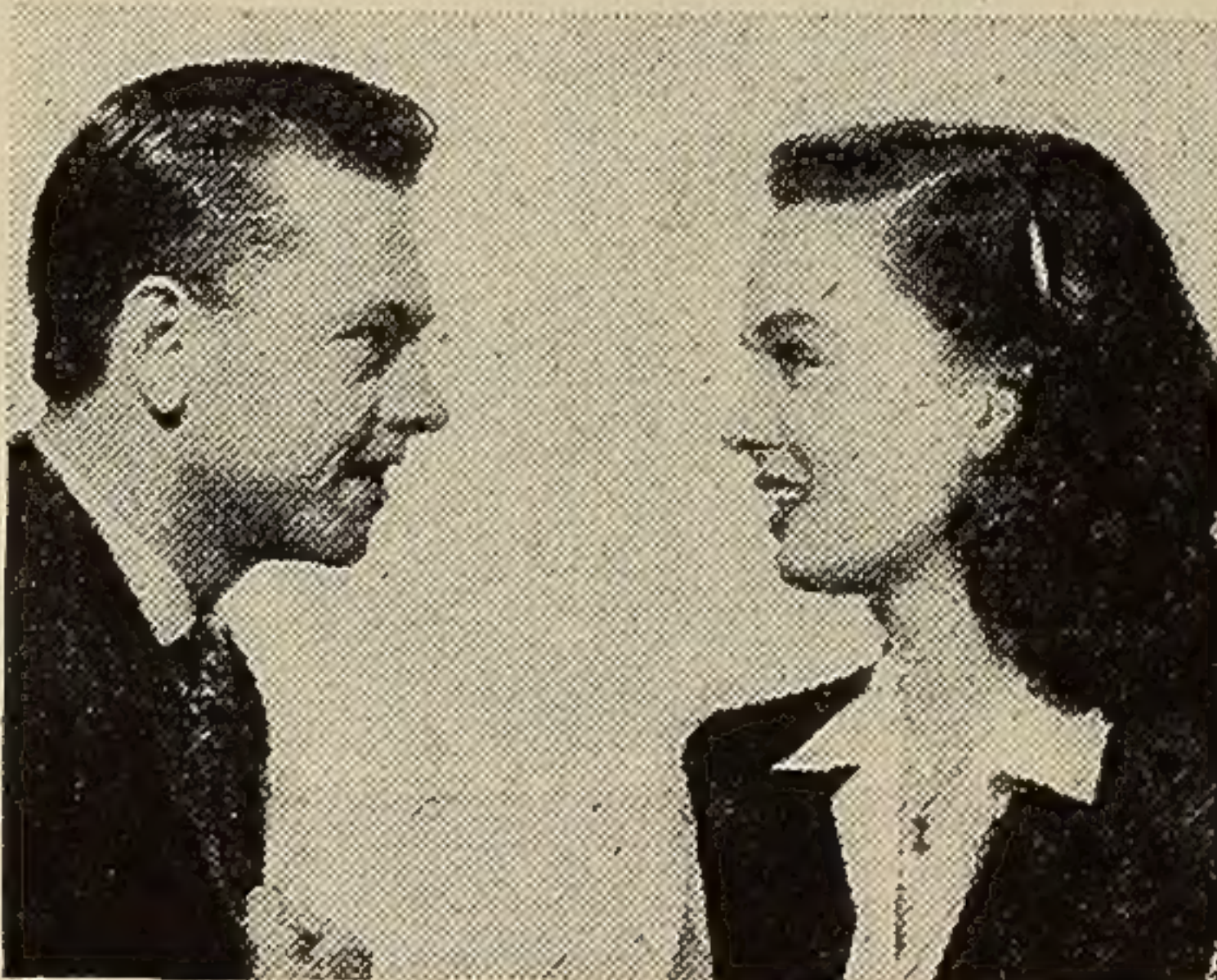


By the Makers of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash



GENTLEMAN'S AGREEMENT—20th-Fox

When otherwise cautious and conservative people suddenly toss their hats in the air and cheer, you can be sure there is a good reason. "Gentleman's Agreement," they're shouting, is a great picture. We say so, too. Hollywood, over-criticized for compromise, here faces up squarely to a problem with courage and conviction, at the same time realistically preserving entertainment values. Thanks to Moss Hart's brilliant adaptation of Laura Z. Hobson's best-seller, and Elia Kazan's dynamic direction, you'll be moved, amused, enraged—and always honestly entertained as Gregory Peck, magnificent in the rôle of crusading writer, exposes anti-Semitism though opposed by the girl he loves, exquisitely portrayed by Dorothy McGuire. Celeste Holm, John Garfield, Anne Revere—all sensationally good.



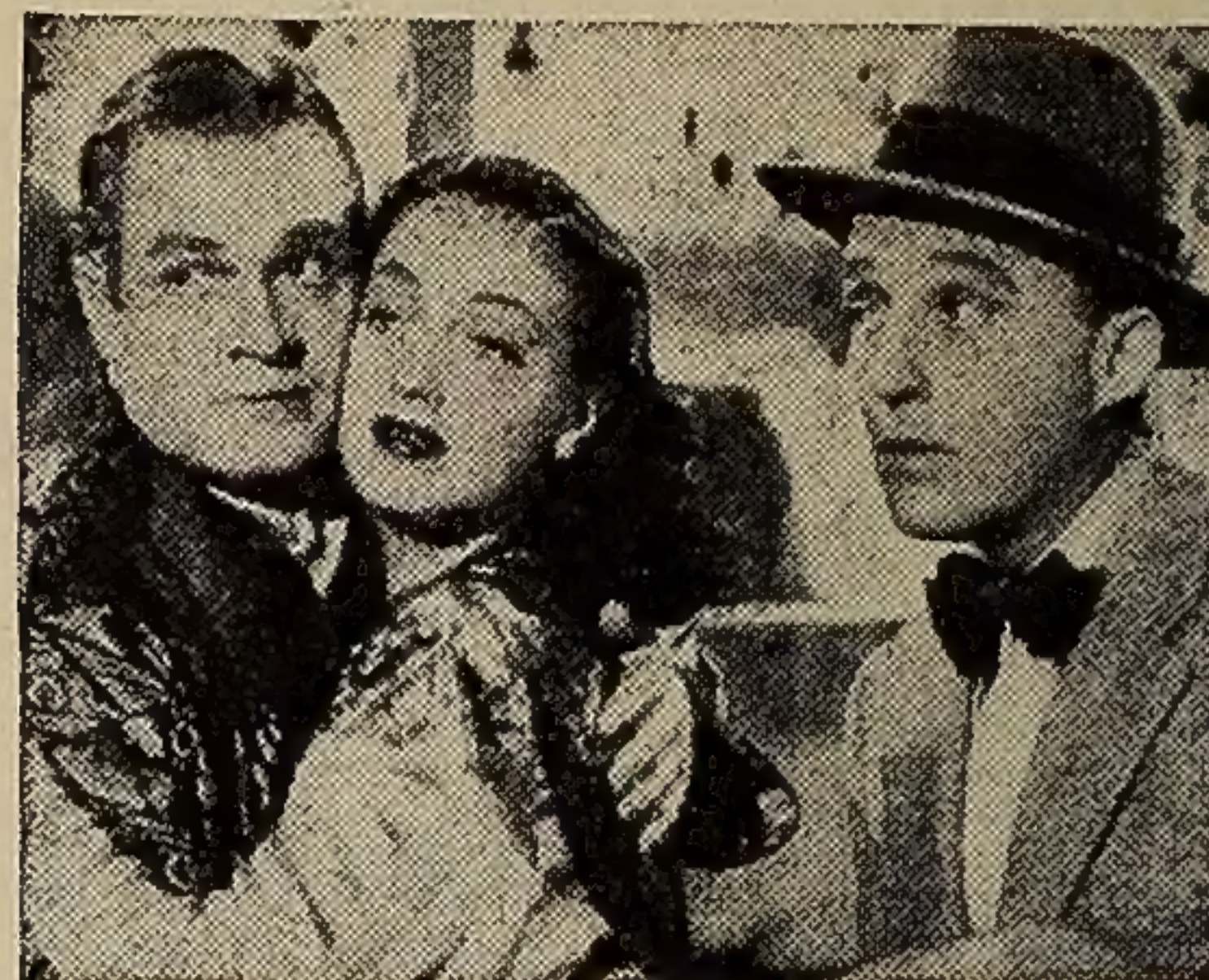
KILLER MCCOY—MGM

For Mickey Rooney fans, a real treat; if you're still to be sold on the Mick's dynamic talents, you'll find yourself slipping—for here, as a cocky kid who scraps his way up to become the lightweight champ, he's terrific. All the Rooney showmanship is in there swinging as the story takes him up the prizefight ladder rung by rung until he meets that Nice Girl, Ann Blyth, who only turns out to be the innocent daughter of Brian Donlevy, big-time gambler and Mickey's undercover manager. James Dunn as Mickey's bibulous father gives a memorable characterization in fine supporting cast.



THE EXILE—Universal-International

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.'s, first opus as both producer and star makes history an enjoyable experience. Dealing with England's Charles II, this film tells a fascinating, action-packed story of the King's eventful exile in Holland and his romance incognito with a Dutch farmerette and innkeeper, the appealing and talented newcomer, Paule Crosset. In the dashing monarch's evasion of Cromwellian forces, Doug shows that same athletic prowess which made his father so popular in the old silent days. Nigel Bruce, as the King's Chancellor, Henry Daniell as a Cromwell agent, Robert Coote, as a foppish actor, and Maria Montez, a countess with impressive entourage and glamor, round out entertainment values.



THE ROAD TO RIO—Paramount

There's nothing wrong with your disposition or digestion that this picture can't cure. Roaring time, 100 minutes of undiluted comedy, and the best medicine ever dished up by those benefactors to mankind, Bob Hope and Bing Crosby. Fifth of the famous "Road" films and said to be the final fling, it's so much funnier than the others that there's no comparison. The incomparable Bob and Bing pursue their zany adventures as a song-and-dance team (with clarinet and trumpet added this time) into Brazil, where they meet up with assorted crooks and, of course, the beautiful Dottie Lamour, whom they rescue in the nick of time, as usual. Bing's songs, especially a number shared with the Andrews Sisters; Bob's droll humor and undeniable charm—he gets the girl; the sly asides—best fun of the month.



I WALK ALONE—Hal Wallis-Paramount

Hal Wallis, one of the more astute producers, knew what he was doing when he teamed sultry Elizabeth Scott with brawny Burt Lancaster. Liz, as the night-club singer sponsored by smart operator Kirk Douglas, meets her match in the rugged Burt, playing Kirk's ex-pal just out of prison—and out for revenge. It calls for a Lancaster to make us believe that any gal would walk out on the fascinatingly sinister Mr. Douglas—but Burt is just the boy to convince us as he strides into trouble though warned of the consequences. It's rough, taut, and tough, the melodrama of the month for suspense.



THIS TIME FOR KEEPS—MGM

After seeing this class A musical aquacade, with such top-notch talent as Esther Williams, Johnnie Johnston, Lauritz Melchior and Jimmy Durante, everyone, simply everyone will want to hie himself to the snowy isle of Mackinac for a winter vacation, it's that beautiful. And stay around awhile so that you can enjoy the summer season when gorgeous bathing beauty Esther displays her swimming art, and thrill to her romance with troubadour Johnnie Johnston, while Lauritz Melchior fills in with operatic arias, and Jimmy out-Durantes himself in such numbers as "Inka Dinka." The story takes a back seat with all this star talent, plus Xavier Cugat and his rhumba band, Dame Whitty and Sharon McManus.

"Sleep, my Love"

... the most terrifying words
a man ever whispered to a woman!



Mary Pickford presents

the cast of the year in the picture of the year!

CLAUDETTE ROBERT DON
COLBERT • CUMMINGS • AMECHE

in "Sleep, my Love"

with RITA JOHNSON • GEORGE COULOURIS • RALPH MORGAN and HAZEL BROOKS

Produced by Chas. Buddy Rogers and Ralph Cohn • Associate Producer Harold Greene • Screenplay by St. Clair McKelway and Leo Rosten

Directed by Douglas Sirk • Director of Photography Joseph Valentine, A.S.C. • A Triangle Production released thru United Artists

WARNING!
NEVER TANGLE WITH
THE
MAN
FROM
TEXAS



EAGLE LION FILMS presents
"THE MAN FROM TEXAS"
starring
JAMES CRAIG • LYNN BARI
JOHNNIE JOHNSTON
with UNA MERKEL • WALLY FORD • HARRY DAVENPORT
SARA ALLGOOD • Produced by JOSEPH FIELDS
Directed by LEIGH JASON
Screen Play by JOSEPH FIELDS and JEROME CHODOROV
Based on the Stage Play by E. B. GINTY



LAUREN BACALL



LARRY PARKS



JANE POWELL



ALAN LADD



ans'



orum



KEEPING PACE WITH PRICES

First Prize Letter
\$10.00

Attending the movies at least once a week is as necessary to boost a family's morale as having dessert on Sundays. But when the price of food kept advancing I didn't see how our budget could possibly be stretched to include our weekly movie and the usual treat at the drugstore afterwards. I couldn't tell the children they couldn't go to the movies each week for there was nothing I could offer to replace that treat—no substitute—and movies are a part of their education.

Finally I decided that on movie nights we'd have a big kettle of thick, nourishing soup, instead of our regular dinner including meat, then for a treat after the movies a home-made drink or a bowl of popcorn. Even our eight-year-old realizes that "everything has its price."

A weekly movie for our family is as traditional as a Christmas tree on Christmas. No one has complained over this change. They seem to like it. It's like eating your cake and having it, too, and of course there are less dishes to wash.

MRS. ELIZABETH KAELO, Schenectady, N. Y.

CAUSE FOR MAYHEM

Second Prize Letter
\$5.00

I sat next to a rather caustic character last night during a showing of one of Hollywood's better productions. Throughout the picture she repeatedly made remarks to her companion similar to, "Oh, you know she's terribly knock-kneed, that's why her dresses are made so long." Later, "Now *that* one, her dresses are padded to give her those famous curves." Even the leading man was a target for her acid tongue. "Yes, I must tell you, his hair line has been lifted back three inches and his eyebrows are all thinned out, too. You know, they grew together over his nose, and he also wears five-inch

Fan Campaign

Who knows? It may be the letter only you could write to your own Fans' Forum which would start a one-man campaign for your favorite stars or movies to reach the pinnacle of success. If your fellow fans don't agree they'll give you a good argument. So write your letter now to Fans' Forum. Monthly awards for the best letter's published: \$10.00, \$5.00 and five \$1.00 prizes. Closing date is the 25th of each month.

Please address Fans' Forum, SCREENLAND Magazine, 37 West 57th Street, New York 19, New York.

lifts in his shoes to add to his height."

Yes sir, my picture was ruined before it even had a chance! I really don't think that movie stars are all conceited bores. In fact, I remember an article in which Carole Landis admitted that her legs weren't all they could be. And Lauren Bacall said in an interview that her figure wasn't the "sweater girl" type. These people aren't judged by their physical contours, but for their acting ability and their magnetic screen personalities. People should realize that not all movie stars claim to be physically perfect and a paragon of beauty.

I'm in favor of movie houses providing bigger and better muzzles for these loose-tongued people. Why ruin other people's pleasure by criticizing the stars of movies that would be enjoyable except for *their* presence?

GENEVIEVE SIEGRIST, San Bernardino, Calif.

FLIRTY ROLES FOR LADD

\$1.00

When I saw "Variety Girl" the other day, I liked one part best of all. Yes, you guessed it. It was Alan Ladd and Dorothy Lamour. I think their part in the show was really super. All my girl friends saw it and they love it, too.



I

It's the Reader's Digest story that became a great book...

Remember

Ran for 2 years on Broadway as a stage hit! It's

Mama

More wonderful now on the screen!



Mama, Katrin, Uncle Chris, Papa and all the others of Katherine Forbes' best-selling novel are the most wonderful people you'd ever care to know in the swellest movie you'd ever care to see!

IT JUST HAS TO BE GREAT!



DORE SCHARY presents
IRENE DUNNE
 in **GEORGE STEVENS'** Production of
"I REMEMBER MAMA"
 co-starring
BARBARA BEL GEDDES
OSCAR HOMOLKA · PHILIP DORN
 with
SIR CEDRIC HARDWICKE · EDGAR BERGEN · RUDY VALLEE · BARBARA O'NEIL
 Executive Producer and Director **GEORGE STEVENS** • Produced by **HARRIET PARSONS**
 Screen Play by **DeWITT BODEEN** • Based Upon the Play by **JOHN VAN DRUTEN**



GIRLS! Want quick curls?

EYES light on lovely hair and linger there when it shines in all its natural beauty. Your hair will be soft, sparkling, and lustrous when you do it at home with new different Wildroot Hair Set that replaces old-fashioned thick gummy wave sets. Does all they do and more! Light bodied, faster drying. It contains processed LANO-LIN, leaves your hair soft, natural, and at its lovely best. Style your own distinctive hair-do quickly, without fuss or disappointment! Watch those admiring glances! Ask for New Wildroot Hair Set at your toilet goods counter today!



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IS THIS YOUR WALLFLOWER WEEK?

Why "sit it out" while your friends go bowling or dancing? Unless there are underlying organic conditions, Chi-Ches-Ters Pills offer blessed relief from "monthly blues". They tend to relax muscular contractions that often induce pain and nervousness. For best results take them as directed two or three days before your time.

MOST LEADING DRUGGISTS CARRY

CHI-CHES-TERS PILLS

DIAMOND BRAND

For relief from "periodic functional distress" PACKED IN THREE CONVENIENT SIZES FREE — Illustrated booklet of intimate facts every woman should know. Mailed in plain wrapper. Write: CHICHESTER CHEMICAL COMPANY, Dept. J-2, Philadelphia 46, Pa.

We like Ladd in tough rôles, yes, and we like him in sort of flirty rôles, with singing like he and Dottie did in "Variety Girl." We like his singing and acting and want more of it. I'm practically writing for my whole neighborhood when I write this. When "Wild Harvest" comes, we won't miss it.

DONNA EHLERS, Waukegan, Ill.

THE POWELL PERSONALITY

\$1.00

Last night I saw Jane Powell at the Capitol theater in New York and I was never so impressed over a movie star as I was with Jane. I have seen quite a few of them and most of the time have been sadly disappointed. However, Jane certainly wasn't any disappointment. She was delightful to see and hear. My mother and I simply couldn't get over how sweet and natural she was. Mayer does well by Jane and gives her only the best kind of rôles, because she deserves them. She's a very lovely girl with a beautiful voice and a delightful personality and I think she'll make the perfect Peg for "Peg O' My Heart." However, I think I prefer her with dark hair, the way she used to wear it, rather than with blonde, but even with light hair she's lovely. She certainly is high on my list of screen favorites.

PHYLLIS SMITH, Queens Village, N. Y.

PARKS' VOICE DISCOVERY

\$1.00

An Open Letter to Larry Parks: In a recent interview you said you thought you made a mistake in making "Down to Earth" and using your own voice.

The only mistake you made was not letting your fans know it was your voice. It didn't sound like you so—well, what are we expected to think? Your voice was replaced by Jolson's before, so we thought maybe you'd gone and done it again. I'm very glad to know it was your voice, although I'm still a little skeptical. But if it was I don't see why you shouldn't go right on making musicals. For my money they don't make good enough Technicolor musicals now. You can dance, too. The only thing wrong with "Down to Earth" was that you didn't dance enough. Please let us see you in a real terrific musical with all the trimmings. I don't think you made a mistake in making "Down to Earth." The only trouble is you didn't tell your fans it was you doing the singing.

JO ANN NICHOL, Santa Monica, Calif.

FIFTEEN-YEAR INTERMISSION

\$1.00

This might be entitled Mrs. Rip Van Winkle returns to screenland. You see for almost fifteen years I had an illness which prevented me from attending movies. When I recovered I could hardly wait to hie myself to the nearest theater. Can you imagine the thrill I had as I found myself actually seeing a moving picture again?

However, as I saw more pictures—I went three times a week to make up for lost time—I became slightly bewildered. So many of the pictures were of crime, with vicious gunmen leering in dark alleys, seemingly normal people with strange complexes and, in short, very involved plots of a morbid character. My very dreams were haunted

by horrible nameless creatures about to spring at me.

I began to wonder into what kind of an era I had reawakened when I finally ran into "It Happened on Fifth Avenue" and "Miracle of 34th Street." My, what a relief they were! So evidently there are still some pictures in which normal people in a normal world still predominate. Noting the crowds these pictures drew, I believe that lots of people must feel as I do. Let books and the radio take care of crime and abnormal psychology and let us go to the movies for relaxation.

ALICE L. REEL, Encango, Calif.

UNSUNG FAVORITES

\$1.00

I sometimes wonder if movie stars get blue or depressed when they look at the results of polls of movie favorites in magazines. I certainly hope not, for, even though it isn't the fault of the magazines, there are innumerable fans who never send their entries to such contests or even write fan letters. They have their favorites; they see almost as many shows as anyone; they buy their magazines—but they never take the time to enter their favorite's name in a contest.

True, they are not so loyal as the other fans but it still stands to reason that their tickets count at the box office. There are countless fans who wonder why Allan Jones has never gotten a break in a really good movie; why Jim Brown didn't get a break such as Guy Madison did; who think Jimmy Stewart and Gary Cooper are terrific even though they don't make some of the "First Ten's"; who would love to see Richard Greene and Glenn Langan get better starring rôles; who would like to see Spencer Tracy and Greer Garson get back in their stride; who would like to see newcomers such as Janis Carter, Tom Neal, Robert Lowery, and Suzi Crandall get better rôles to prove their talent.

And yet the stars themselves would have no way of knowing it by looking at the polls or even by fan letters because these fans do not take time to show their appreciation, except by patronizing the box office when their favorites are in town.

This letter is not meant to discredit contests or anything of that sort. It's just that I hope stars don't judge their own popularity by contests and fan letters.

RAMONA R. ENGLE, Columbus, Ohio.



Dressed for the wide open spaces, Jack Oakie and Joan Leslie share scene in Eagle Lion's "Northwest Stampede."

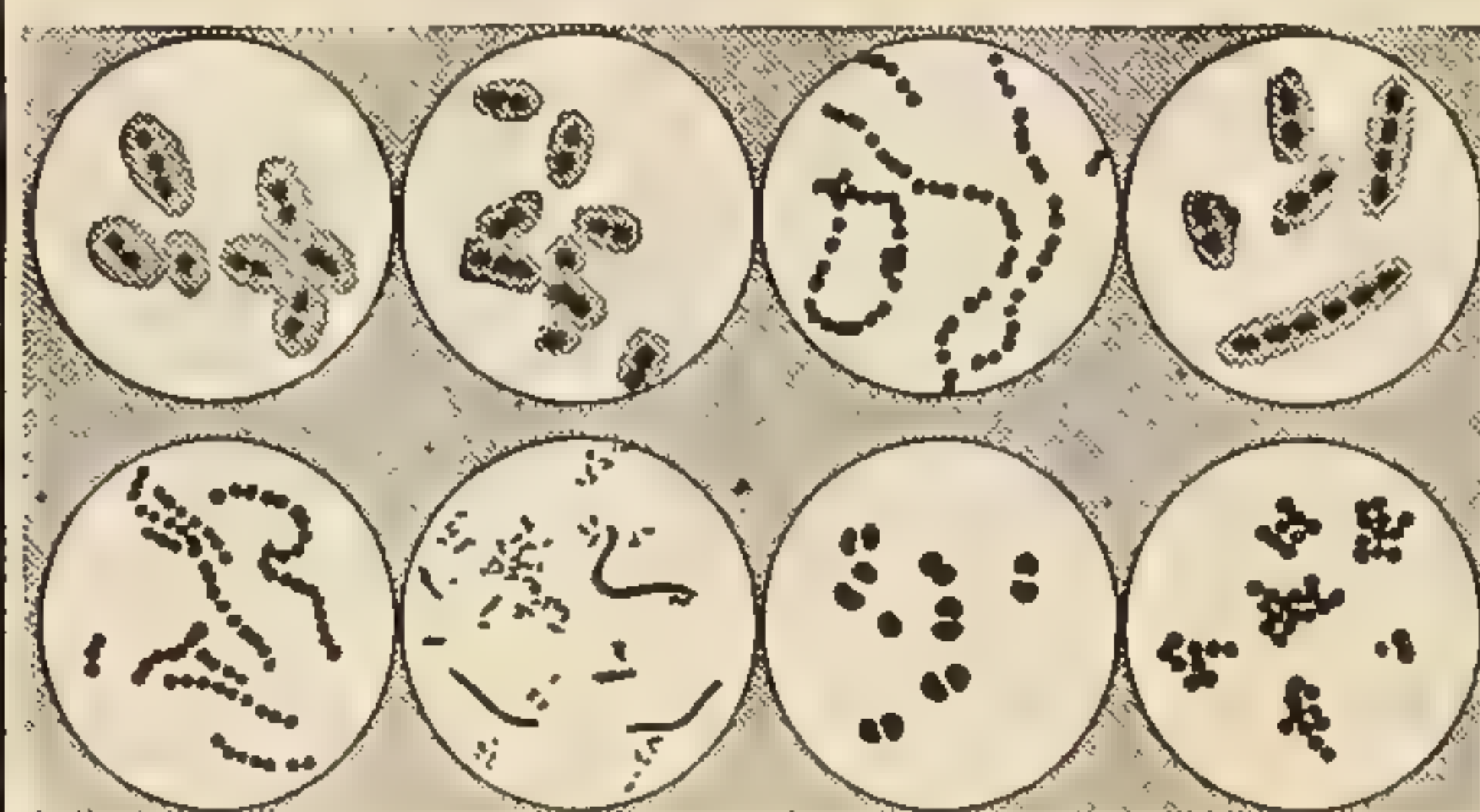
Wet Feet? Sniffles? Look out for a COLD!

Gargle
**LISTERINE
ANTISEPTIC**
Quick!



"SECONDARY INVADERS"

These are some types of the threatening germs that can cause so much of the misery of a cold when they invade the body through throat membranes.



TOP ROW, left to right: Pneumococcus Type III, Pneumococcus Type IV, Streptococcus viridans, Friedlander's bacillus. BOTTOM ROW, left to right: Streptococcus hemolyticus, Bacillus influenzae, Micrococcus catarrhalis, Staphylococcus aureus.

WET FEET or cold feet or a sudden change of temperature may be all that is needed to reduce your resistance and enable the threatening germs called the "secondary invaders" to start a mass invasion of your throat tissues.

These "secondary invaders", according to some authorities, are responsible for so much of the misery associated with colds.

What Listerine Antiseptic Does

So, when you've been exposed, gargle Listerine Antiseptic at once, and continue it regularly. Listerine Antiseptic reaches way back on throat surfaces to kill millions of those "secondary invaders". Used frequently during the

12 to 36-hour period of "incubation" when a cold may be developing, Listerine Antiseptic may help guard against the mass invasion of germs and head off the trouble before it gets a good start.

A Remarkable Record

If your cold has already started, the Listerine Antiseptic gargle, repeated often, may help reduce the severity of the infection.

Bear in mind that tests made during a 12 year period revealed this impressive

result: Those who gargled Listerine Antiseptic twice daily had fewer colds and usually milder colds than those who did not gargle . . . and fewer sore throats.

Make a habit of using Listerine Antiseptic every morning and every night as a precaution against colds; and at the first sign of a cold increase the frequency of the gargle. It may spare you a lot of trouble.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
St. Louis, Missouri

Tests made during a 12 year period showed
FEWER COLDS, Milder COLDS for users of LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC



Cold weather calls for lip pomade and lipstick, according to Virginia Welles.



Ginny also keeps her complexion smooth by using more cream these blustery days.



After a bout with cold weather, Virginia hops into a warm, fragrant bubble bath.

Out In the Open



Get ready to meet Old
Man Winter with the
proper cosmetic equipment

By Claire Finucane

JUST about this time of the year, we all get a yen for the great outdoors. White snow and icy weather pave the way for good fun and smart girls make the most of Jack Frost's short winter visit. They go head-over-heels for the excitement of ice-skating parties, skiing and tobogganing. Ah, yes, it's all great sport, only sometimes Father Winter becomes tyrannical. For some reason or other, he derives great pleasure out of putting red noses on creamy white faces and a sting on pretty pink cheeks.

What to do about it? Stay home and miss all the fun? Horrors, no! Just meet him on his own terms. Go out defiantly but well armed with the necessary equipment for winter combat.



Pert Virginia Welles, who's appearing in Paramount's "Variety Girl."

The best combat weapon is a rich cold cream. I really believe that one of the main reasons why skins chap in winter is because you gals don't use enough cream. It may be that you have an oily complexion (most girls under twenty-one do) and therefore you do a lot of scrubbing to combat the oiliness and naturally are not in the habit of using any cream. Oily or dry, however, you have to use cream before you venture out in zero weather or nine times out of ten you'll have a complexion like cardboard. If your nose objects to exposure by turning a crimson color, then apply more cream to that area. Also use a cream foundation in this weather even if you don't use it ordinarily. Under your lipstick, use Virginia Welles' trick and combine lip pomade with your colored lip lure. In case you don't know, lip pomade is made especially to combat lip chapping.

Hand cream should also become part of the preparations. Apply it liberally and then don not one but two pairs of gloves. Soft cotton ones first to absorb the cream, then mittens or woolen gloves over them.

Maybe, too, you get cold feet ("t'aint funny, McGee,") in this kind of weather and there are times when you are absolutely certain that every one of your ten toes is about to come loose. If that's the case then maybe this will help you as it does me. Buy yourself a pair of cotton stockings just for this purpose and wear either a light pair of socks or heavy woolen ones over them. You will find that cotton hose, while certainly not as pretty as your 51-gauge nylons or silks, are much more practical for warmth. Nor will they be as likely to rip if you should, per chance, take a spill.

Writing about ways to combat the weather makes me think of a hint I once read. The writer was telling her readers how to keep warm in cold weather. She advised covering one's self with an all-over coating of oil before venturing outdoors because long distance swimmers always use this protection in icy waters. This is actually a fact, but heavens to Betsy, can't you just picture the mess! Can't make up my mind which is worse, the plague or the cure. So while we will probably discount the oil idea, we can take the principle and apply it with cold cream to those areas which are most exposed to the cold—the face, ears, hands and feet.

Eyes need special protection, too. Spread a lash and eye cream on the sensitive area, and if you find that you squint even the slightest, try wearing sunglasses. You can get just as much of a headache from snow glare as you can from the sun. So watch out for it and be prepared.

As for the makeup you'll wear, no doubt Mother Nature will endow you with her natural rouge, so wear only a little. But do use a creamy foundation and lots of powder and lipstick.

When the fun is over and you're home once again, make a beeline for a warm tub. Tumble in some bubbles or bath oil or bath salts and play like a lady by wallowing in it until someone chases you out of the bathroom. Then to bed and dreamland, where after the combination of exercise and a relaxing bath, you'll sleep like a babe and wake up wonderfully refreshed.

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GIFT AND
10-DAY TRIAL



IF OVERWEIGHT—UNDERWEIGHT—it will pay you to look into this famous streamlined Home Course whose secrets helped *this* girl win new loveliness, charm and self-confidence.

LEFT: Shy, timid, self-conscious — Valerie So Relle was missing out on dates and fun.

RIGHT: Valerie's inner beauty was revealed when she learned how to develop charm and poise as taught by Eleanore King.

"I know that anyone that feels hopeless but has the desire to better herself can do so with your teaching." Valerie So Relle, 4511 DeLongpre, Los Angeles, Cal.



AT LAST with this remarkable course you can now become more slim, more attractive and more self-confident than you ever dreamed possible. For Eleanore King's HOME COURSE IN BEAUTY, POISE AND CHARM gives you complete, step-by-step directions and easy-to-follow beauty secrets so that you—in your own home—in but a few minutes a day—can actually gain new loveliness and charm, day by day.

With the ELEANORE KING HOME COURSE you can win New Loveliness and Charm in all these ways —

YOUR FACE

How to be radiant • How to have expressive eyes • How to exercise your eyes for beauty • Best eye make-up for your type • How to have expressive lips • How to have more kissable lips • How to take care of your complexion • Correct facial massage • What to do for crow's-feet and wrinkles

YOUR FIGURE

Your weight and measurement charts • Your reducing or weight-gaining diets • How to reduce the bust, waist, hips, stomach • How to develop the bust

YOUR POSTURE

How to master "the youth line" • How to stand "straight as a string" • How to have "upper body control" • How to have "lower body control"

YOUR WALK

How to walk "like a queen" • How to use your feet and legs • How to get rhythm • How not to wiggle • What to do with your arms

YOUR FEET

How to use them as models do • How to strengthen them • How to care for them • Corrective exercises for them

YOUR LEGS

How to handle them for grace • How to reduce your legs • What to do for thin legs • What to do for bow legs • How to sit gracefully • How to keep them properly balanced

YOUR HANDS

How to use them gracefully • How to groom them • How to reduce them • Exercises for hands • Daily hand care • Exercises for poise

YOUR HAIR

How to "do" it to flatter you • How to brush it as stage beauties do • How to shampoo it for beauty • How to care for your scalp

YOUR CONVERSATION

Bad conversational habits • Conversational pitfalls • How to charm a man • Popularity-getting conversation

YOUR CLOTHES

What to wear to look taller or shorter • How to disguise large hips • Chart of clothes and accessories for street wear • Play clothes combinations • Evening clothes and accessories • What not to wear • What colors are best for you

YOUR VOICE

The easy way to breath control • For a younger voice • How to use your lips correctly • The effect of your smile • "Good-looking" speech

ELEANORE KING

Miss King's career includes: radio artist teaching charm over NBC ("Glorify Yourself") and CBS ("Your Charm Coach"); author of feature column, "Glorify Yourself"; teacher of "Personal Presence" for the Adult Education Assn., Los Angeles; instructor in Airline Hostess Training for Univ. of So. Cal.



FOR GIFT AND FREE TRIAL MAIL COUPON TODAY

CAN YOU PASS THIS TEST?

- How long has it been since you received a compliment? ☐
- How often do you get a second look? ☐
- Does your date ever take you for granted? ☐
- Are you self-conscious when passing a crowd? ☐
- Do you get more than one date? ☐
- How long since you received a box of flowers? ☐
- Do sales clerks give you attention? ☐
- Do you find it hard to be the gracious hostess? ☐
- Are you cut in on at dances? ☐
- Are you afraid to meet new people? ☐
- How often are you invited out to dinner? ☐
- Do you get a peck instead of a kiss? ☐

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married
ones
and
bachelors!"

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GODDARD**

in

Alexander Korda's

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OSCAR WILDE'S

**AN IDEAL
HUSBAND**

Color by

TECHNICOLOR

with

MICHAEL WILDING • DIANA WYNYARD

Glynis Johns • Constance Collier • Sir Aubrey Smith • Hugh Williams

ALEXANDER KORDA •

Produced and Directed by

Screen Play by Lajos Biro • From the Play by Oscar Wilde

A London Film Production • Released by 20th Century-Fox

The Editor's Page

AN OPEN LETTER TO PETER LAWFORD



Let's look at Lawford! Laughing boy or serious actor, or both? We're pointing out, here, the potentialities existing behind the two masks above: serious actor, studying with MGM dramatic coach Lillian Burns; laughing boy, clowning at right with Mickey Rooney.



DEAR Peter;

Tell me, what are you going to be when you grow up? Know yet?

Why I'm asking: I happen to think you have the greatest future of any young actor on the screen today—if you care. I mean if all your present popularity as the star of such films as "Good News" doesn't obscure what I'd swear is your eventual intention—becoming an actor in the great tradition. I don't toss that adjective great around lightly. It's too important to treat like that. But I do believe in great actors, I've seen them: Laurence

Olivier in "Henry V." John Barrymore, Greta Garbo—once. Ingrid Bergman, in "Joan of Lorraine." There aren't many. But I think you could be one if you want to be. And I think the urge is there, behind the handsome mask of laughing boy. It came out when I was talking to you not long ago at a party for Esther Williams. You stood there looking quizzical and slightly mocking as only you can look. You had an eyebrow raised at the pretty girls as only you can raise an eyebrow. You were the sought-after movie star on vacation, and loving it. And then

somebody—could have been me—had to bring up the subject of work, acting, pictures, things like that. You changed completely. Laughing Boy turned into a serious-minded, intelligent and discerning young man who respects his craft and, again I say it, has big ambitions. I hope I'm right—that while you're naturally concerned with enjoying life as you go along with healthy zest, the other side of you wants very much to keep going on to greatness. Am I right?

Delight Evans



Hi,
Mommy!
You're My
"Dream Girl"



Baby photos by Bud Franken



Yes, Baby, we know your Mom Betty Hutton is indeed a Dream Girl in your eyes. Now she'll prove it to her public in Paramount's new picture

Color photos by Bud Franken

Little Lindsay Diane Briskin may be rightfully proud of her Mom. Baby won't be a bit surprised when the critics, as well as Betty's loyal fans, hail her performance in "Dream Girl," which presents a New Hutton with soft, darker hair and an amazing range of talents. With Macdonald Carey playing opposite in this Technicolor version of the Broadway stage hit Betty not only sings, dances, and emotes as only she can, but extends the scope of her recognized talent into the enviable realm of legitimate artistry. We hail Hutton, the Actress

The Larry Parks Problem

DURING the year 1947, the life and career of Larry Parks had all the elements of a soap opera, enough trouble, doubt, frustration and—paradoxically—happiness to keep a daytime radio serial going indefinitely. There's one important difference, however. Larry's problems are real and consequently infinitely more poignant than any situations dreamed up for the long-suffering characters of the soap serials.

Ironically, Larry's troubles are the aftermath of his brilliant performance in "The Jolson Story." The effects of the rôle that overnight put him at the top of the heap have been both good and bad. His situation is unique, dramatic, and unprecedented.

For, following hard on the heels of fame, Larry and his studio are suing each other over the validity of his contract. The motion picture colony, always interested in the affairs of the clan, has divided itself into two camps, arguing the pros and cons over cocktails, nine-day diets and *(Please turn to page 82)*



Larry Parks has time on his hands for some of his favorite sports—horseback riding and tennis. But this is not the answer to his problems, frankly outlined in this exclusive story. His latest picture, top of page, is "The Swordsman," with Ellen Drew.

**So you think you
have troubles! Take a
look at the dilemmas
plaguing Larry Parks**

**By
Lynn
Bowers**



IF THERE is any one indoor American sport more popular than that of taking pot shots at Hollywood, it has failed to arrest the attention of a certain movie executive named Darryl Francis Zanuck.

You've heard of Zanuck, of course. In this little sport he has frequently been attacked more vigorously than a football dummy at spring practice. And in case you have wondered why he and other men who help carry the ball in Hollywood don't wince more often when they're belted, it's because they thoroughly understand the opposition. The motives of those who attack Hollywood are so transparent to Zanuck and his colleagues, in fact, that they don't even think the public would be entertained if they replied to the attackers. And after all, it is their business to entertain.

It is only when you corner a man like Zanuck and get him wound up on the subject of a new picture, or

some similar project, that he will broaden his remarks into a general defense of the industry. We found Zanuck in such a frame of mind when we went to his office to talk about his film version of Laura Hobson's best-seller, "Gentleman's Agreement." The theme of this book, dealing as it does with racial intolerance, was a natural by way of steering the 20th Century-Fox executive onto the subject of intolerance in general—and in particular toward a defense of Hollywood. We found it refreshing to hear the other side of the story.

"Criticism of Hollywood comes in the main from two groups of complainants," said Zanuck once he had warmed up to the subject, "neither of which are related in any way as to motive, viewpoint or aim of accomplishment."

"The first group is the one which attacks Hollywood for the sole purpose of gaining publicity. Hollywood is

The Public Knows!

*Says
Darryl Zanuck*

The noted
producer pays
tribute to
you, the Public,
for knowing
what you want
in the way
of screen fare
and supporting
Hollywood in
its stand
for tolerance

By Harry Barne





Ann Blyth with
date. Barbara



June Haver and Lon
mer Lightning." Greg



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Oddly enough,
also a very good
Catch him in
Red Pony" soon.

he Red Pony," from John Ste
a should be a treat not only
ers of all fine Westerns. My
d, of course, a red pony featur





Lana Turner meets Fred Robbins. Fred's a Turner movie fan and Lana's hep to the favorite records on the popular disk jockey's turntable. So there's lots to talk about. At bottom of page, Vivian Blaine and Jerry Wayne, recent guests in "Robbins' Nest."



FRED ROBBINS

Right off the Record

Glistenin' listenin' is yours if you
follow Fred Robbins' jottings on
new lacquers. He answers ?? too

By Fred Robbins

HYA, Min! Howya been? Can I come in? I've got good stuff to spin!

Mais, oui! February freezes the ponds and pipes, but neither wind nor rain nor cold nor even Petrillo can halt the steady stream of biscuits from the ever-lovin' oven, and what kicks it's been on the "1280 Club" of late! John Garfield, who's breaking it up into little toothpicks in "Body and Soul" and "Gentleman's Agreement," was a recent "Guest in Robbins' Nest," and what a great guy he is. He's been in New York all during Jack Frost's tenure and we've had gobs of fun together. When the World Series was on, we dug some of the games and when the weather was warm played lots of tennis outdoors and moved indoors to one of the armories when it got frigid. Don't know who's been teaching him how on the coast, but the kid swings a mean racket. What a natural person he is, as unaffected and plain as anyone can be.

And, you know what's fun? Watching the expression on people's faces when they recognize him on the tennis courts, riding in a car, or whenever they see him. You can see their mouths forming the words, "Say, that looks like John Garfield," with an accompanying incredulous expression. Amazing how the movies makes one's face as familiar as your own! Great things these pieces of 35 millimeter celluloid.

But—sniff, sniff—what do I smell? Cookies are burning! Let's stoke the wax and chew the fat.

HEAVENLY!

DINAH SHORE: Don't know whether Mrs. Montgomery is cooing these to her new baby or not, but I'll bet she'll have no trouble putting junior to sleep if she plays these new cookies. They're as gossamer as spun sugar. *Voici* her new "Torch Song" album, "When a Woman Loves a Man," "St. Louis Blues," "Tess' Torch Song," and "Bill" from "Show Boat." If young little Montgomery persists in lusty tonsil exercises, all Mommy'll have to do is put the needle to "How Soon" or "Fool That I Am," both of which are as *intime* as sardines and if the bawling keeps on, "Lazy Countryside," or "That's All I Want to Know," should stop it. Failing all these, (Please turn to page 78)





You'll find the answer to Veronica's personality riddle in her new ranch home, pictured here for the first time. These are not publicity pictures, either—Paramount's star of "Saigon" really helped remodel the ranch house and build the brick wall.

"Do you consider yourself sophisticated?" somebody asked Veronica Lake. "I should say not!" she replied. "I wouldn't know whether to wear it or carry it!"

Veronica[★] Goes Rural

By
Dora
Albert





At left, Veronica serves homemade salad to her mother-in-law, Mrs. Melvina de Toth, while her nurse girl, Sophie Tar, formerly of Detroit, passes the crackers. Below, she displays a few of the hundreds of bushels of grapes she grew herself. With her director-husband, André (lower left) Veronica lives a simple, casual country life between plays.



FROM THE time movie fans first saw Veronica Lake in "I Wanted Wings," she has been tagged by most people as a sophisticate. Nearly all the movie rôles in which she has appeared, including her most recent film, "Saigon," have called for her to play sophisticated women, and she has played the parts with such adeptness that it has been easy to assume that she is that type of person herself.

Her friends know differently. "Ronni?" they say. "Why, she's the most unsophisticated woman you ever met. She's almost naïve. The fact that she can play a sophisticated woman so well proves that she's an actress."

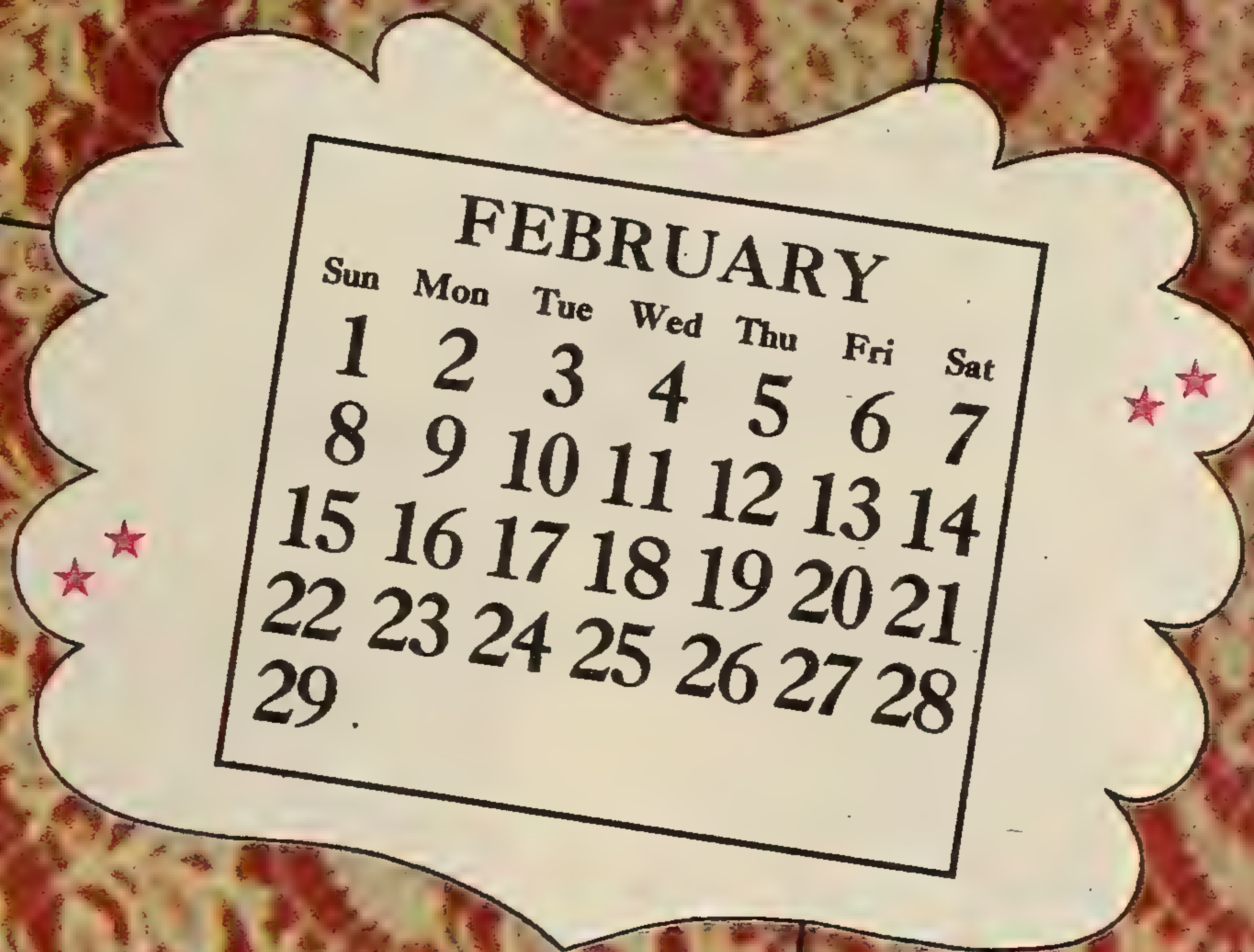
Once, when I questioned Veronica herself, asking her point-blank, "Do you consider yourself sophisticated?" she replied, "I should say not! I wouldn't know whether to wear it or carry it."

Then what sort of a person is Veronica? You never know the answer to people's personalities completely till you see them in their own homes. Veronica Lake's home is a (Please turn to page 85)





Our Valentine Girl, one of the most beloved stars in motion pictures, took time out from production of her new film with Gary Cooper to pose as our Girl of the Month. You'll want to see Ann Sheridan in Leo McCarey's "Good Sam," released by RKO-Radio—reported to be in the great tradition of those two McCarey screen hits, "Going My Way" and "The Bells of St. Mary's."



FEBRUARY						
Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29						

Girl of the Month • Ann Sheridan

In the month of February
 Everybody should be merry!
 For Valentines you'll never wait.
 In purple-blue you'll meet your mate.
 Your lucky number? It's an eight.
 And it's a date!





Fictionized by Elizabeth B. Petersen


In presenting Dana Andrews and Merle Oberon as co-stars, and music by the New York Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra with noted conductor Eugene Ormandy and famed concert pianist Artur Schnabel, RKO-Radio Pictures have concocted a cinema treat both for music and drama lovers. Read this absorbing story here.

"Light me a torch, will you, chum?" Strange greeting, but it proved a prelude to romance

between the brilliant, bitter blind pianist (played by Dana Andrews) and the lovely

sensation-seeking socialite (Merle Oberon). Exclusive novelization of a dynamic new picture

certain to be talked about for its strong performances and musical background



"Night Song"

IT WAS the first time Cathy had been in a place like the *Chez Mamie*. Connie had suggested that the four of them go there after the opera—Connie, who was always looking for a new sensation and whose restless fingers were beating in time now to the music of Chick and his Swing Six. It was very hot, very solid. But it wasn't the sort of thing Cathy could go for.

She loved all music, and that included jazz and swing. Only it had to be *music*, not this brash hammering assaulting her ear drums. All her senses felt outraged in this place. The heavy smoke-filled air stung in her nostrils and her eyes moved from the faces of the habitués staring curiously or apathetically or even resentfully at what seemed obviously a slumming party, to that vast mountain of soft white flesh and peroxided hair and brash satin which was Mamie herself, to the fixed glassy smiles of the Swing Six, only to look down at last on her highball glass and remain there.

"Already I feel like a new woman," Connie was saying ecstatically. "At the opera I was just another ermine coat, but here I begin to live. I guess I'm a patron of the lower arts. How do you like



Hoagy Carmichael as Chick, leader of a small swing band, meets Merle Oberon as Cathy, rich and beautiful, whose presence in an obscure night club attracts attention.



Cathy's escort, man about town in San Francisco, resents Cathy's interest in Dan, blind pianist who is also a gifted composer. Loyal Chick stands by to avert a scene.

NIGHT SONG



Ethel Barrymore, as Cathy's understanding aunt, listens as Dan reveals his genius as a composer before his sympathetic audience. Cathy tries to help Dan, that "unpredictable character."



Gradually Cathy's unfailing kindness penetrates Dan's bitterness and temperamental cynicism and they find an unbreakable bond between them as he realizes her unselfish love and devotion.





"NIGHT SONG"

RKO-Radio Production

Executive producer, Jack J. Gross. Producer, Harriet Parsons. Director, John Cromwell. Original story by Dick Irving Hyland. Screenplay by Hyland and Frank Fenton. With the following cast:

Dan Evans.....DANA ANDREWS
Catherine Mallory.....MERLE OBERON
Mary Willey.....ETHEL BARRYMORE
Chick Morgan.....HOAGY CARMICHAEL
Connie Nichols.....JACQUELINE WHITE
George Edwards.....DONALD CURTIS
ARTUR RUBINSTEIN...Played by himself
EUGENE ORMANDY...Played by himself

Chick Morgan's Swing Six band?"

"Very solid," Jimmy said, which was exactly what Cathy would have expected him to say. And George, who was her escort for the evening, was in character, too. "Where did this Mamie learn to play football?" he asked.

"Isn't she *priceless*?" Connie demanded as proudly as though she had created Mamie herself some rainy afternoon when there wasn't anything else to do. She turned to Cathy. "Is that music solid or not?" And then as Cathy didn't answer, her voice sharpened. "The opera's over, honey. You can take your hair down and be human again."

"Shall I put a ring through my nose?" Cathy said.

Connie shrugged and went on with her bright, empty chatter. And on the bandstand the music went on, too, the piano, the drums, the two sax, one of them muted while the other took a tricky lick; the clarinet. Cathy forced herself to think of that lovely last aria

in "La Boheme" and succeeded so well that when the band stopped and the piano came through alone she didn't realize it at first.

Then suddenly she forgot "La Boheme" and her eyes lifted. She didn't even see the young man sitting at the piano. All that she was conscious of was the music. It was sad and introspective and beautiful with its haunting beat of the blues, the rich and nervous rhythm of the Gershwin *First Prelude*, an echo of Debussy, the mystic loveliness of Ravel and just a touch of the Biederbecke of *In a Mist*. And it stirred her as music had never stirred her before.

"I wonder whatever's happened to Cathy?" Connie giggled.

Cathy didn't even hear her. All at once, as if it were a compulsion, she got up, her usual shyness forgotten as she crossed the crowded room to the piano. Only when she reached it did she notice the (Please turn to page 60)



As a person, as a wife and mother, as a movie star—Rosalind Russell is in a class by herself. Looking down: Roz, herself; Russell the actress, in character for "Mourning Becomes Electra"; Mrs. Fred Brisson, mother of four-year-old Lance.

By Fredda Dudley

You Can't



IF EVERYTHING has always gone according to schedule for you; if you have no plans for the future which involve long training, hard work, and the approval of others; in short, if you have a rainbow by the tail, this article is not for you. Simply turn the page and read something else!

But if you are ambitious, and a little frightened; if you have been warned by friends or relatives that you are overreaching yourself, that you are trying to bite off more than you can chew; if, at the moment, success in your chosen field—whether it be medicine, law, public service, or one of the arts—seems befogged in the far distance, then Rosalind Russell believes that she has something to say to you. She believes that she has one recipe (out of the thousands one can find in this world) for success.

She believes, first of all, that a person must have faith in himself, but such faith

must be tempered by stern common sense. Next, she believes that one must inspire faith in others. And, finally, she believes that one must have faith in a force infinitely greater than all human forces combined, and greater even than human intellect can imagine.

In drawing from her own experiences to explain her convictions, Roz reaches back into that sad year of 1933, when Broadway—according to dramatic morticians—was outstandingly dead. Deceased. *Kaput.* (Please turn to page 88)



Win Alone!

Rosalind Russell has something to say to you! Especially if you are ambitious, but a little frightened; if success in your chosen field seems far off—she believes she has the one sure recipe for winning your fight



Picture to talk about: RKO's "Mourning Becomes Electra," sensational screen version of the Eugene O'Neill play, with Rosalind Russell playing the great rôle of her career, starring in a cast including such fine performers as Raymond Massey, Michael Redgrave, Kirk Douglas, Katina Paxinou and Leo Genn.

Inside Hollywood's Social Circle



Almost on the eve of her departure for England, to be a guest at the marriage of Princess Elizabeth to Lieutenant Philip Mountbatten, Mrs. Wright enjoys a gay gathering at the opening of Chanteclair with Ann Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Sonny Tufts.

THE most camera-conscious crowd in the world has the best time when they're sure no cameras are around! Isn't that typical of contradictory Hollywood? We found that out the other night at the Hollywood Press Photographers' Ball at Ciro's when all through the house there were plenty of picture celebrities, but few pictures!

This is the annual party to which the press photographers invite all the stars and throw away their cameras. Consequently, both the stars and the men who play such a vital part in molding their careers take their hair down and have

the time of their lives. This was the third one and was a particularly gala event because of the wonderful array of costumes which all the stars donned for the evening. I'll describe the most amusing.

Lana Turner was one of the most captivating Siamese princesses I have ever seen, but what surprised me more than her outfit was the fact that she was with—not Tyrone Power—but Keenan Wynn! Keenan had an equally weird and wonderful Oriental costume in keeping with la Lana's Siva get-up.

Perhaps the most original costumes were those worn by Martha Stewart,

who came dressed as a glittering champagne cocktail, while her escort appeared disguised as a martini, with a tall hat all stuck full of olives on toothpicks.

Betty Hutton was a sensation as *Sadie Thompson*, while husband Ted Briskin made a dark and sinister Apache.

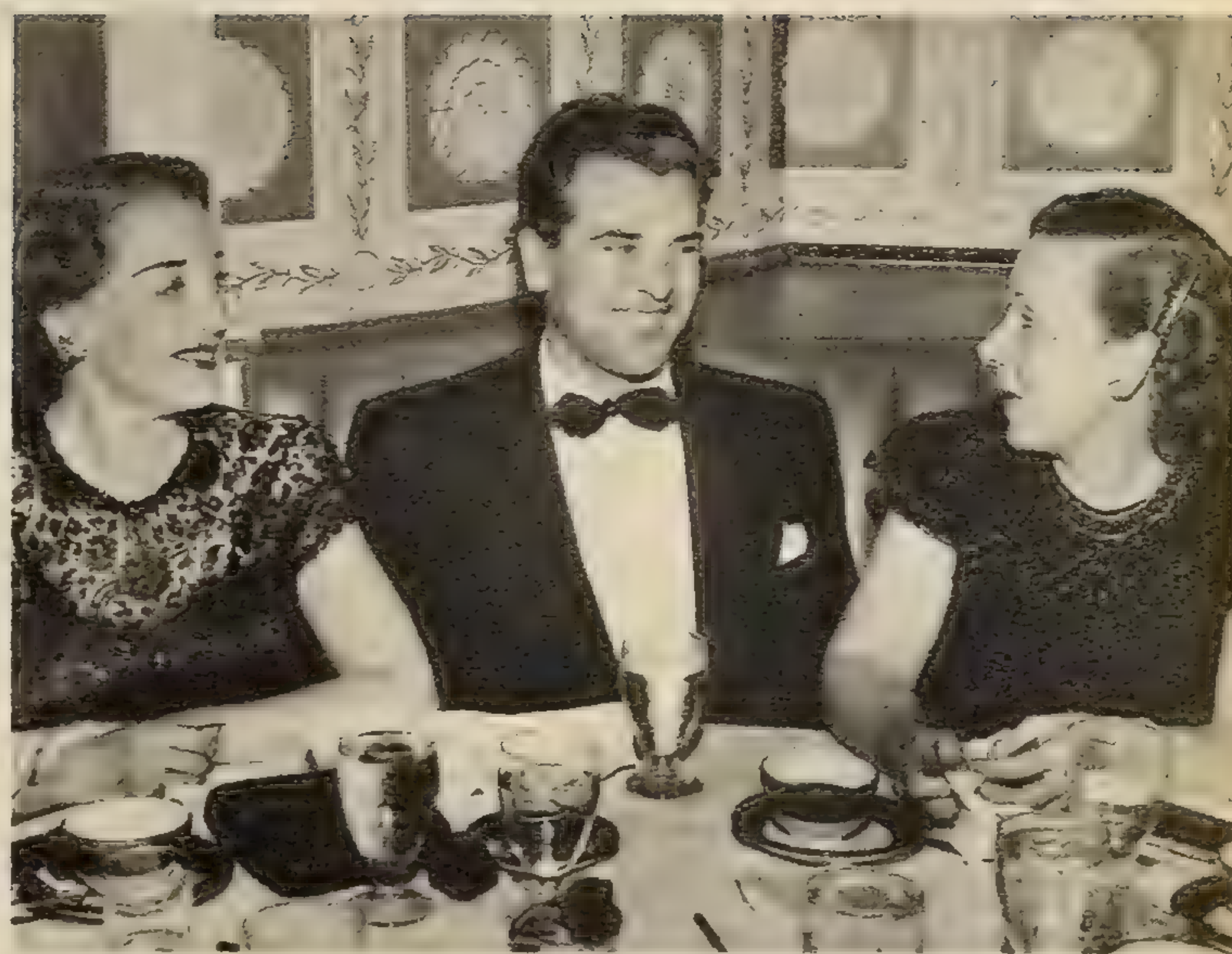
The guest who garnered the most laughs and took the most ribbing of the evening was Johnny Meyer—he of the Howard Hughes' expense-account fame—who came as a baby! I had many hearty laughs from Bob Hope, who acted as master of ceremonies and who kept kidding Meyer un- (Please turn to page 69)



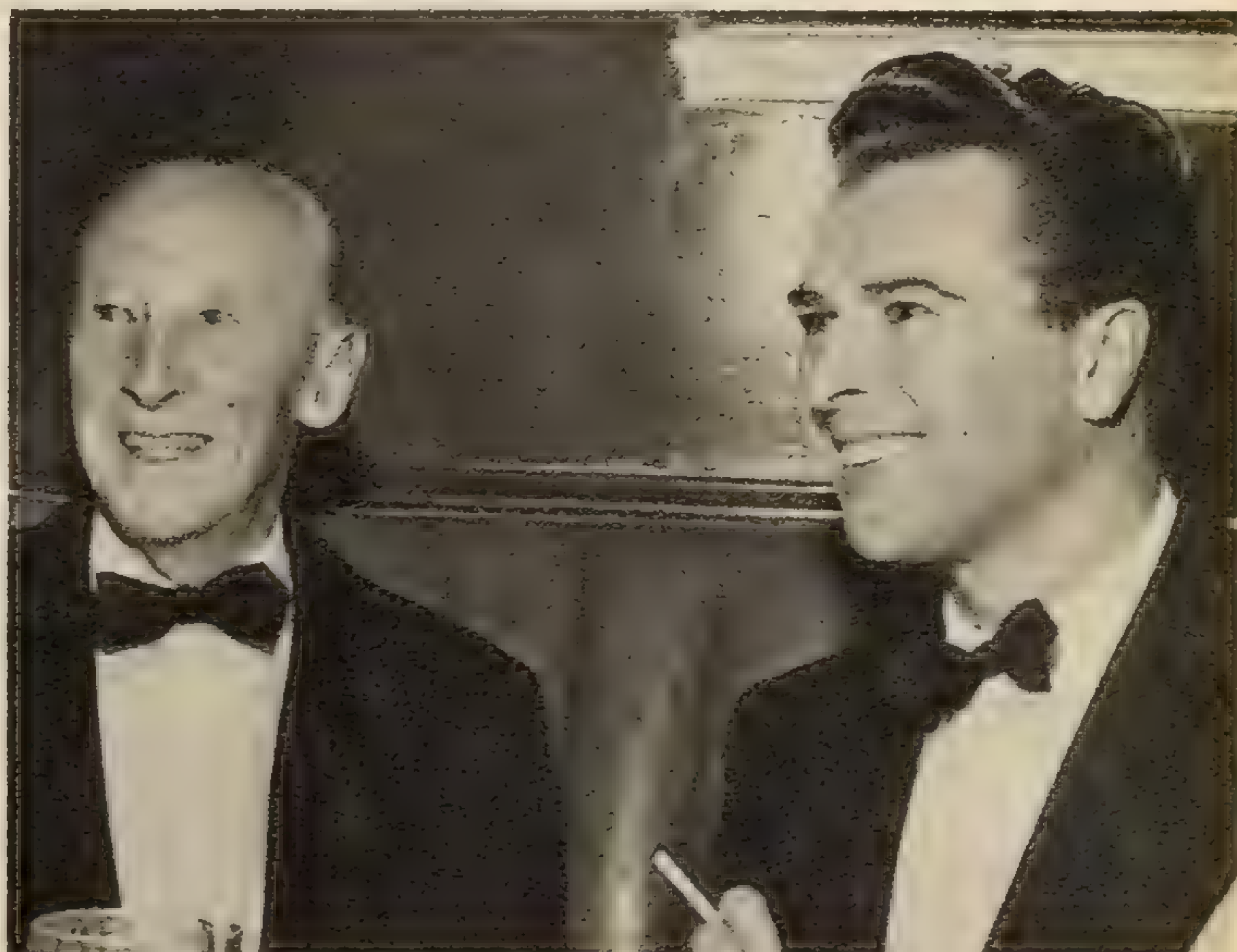
It's all in fun! Mixed-mates foursome, Mr. and Mrs. Burgess Meredith (Paulette Goddard) and Mr. and Mrs. John Huston (Evelyn Keyes) clown for the camera.

Just before leaving for London to attend the Royal Wedding—as the only Hollywood personage to receive an invitation—famed social leader Cobina Wright reports for your pleasure the best screen parties of the month

BY COBINA WRIGHT



French singing star Roger Dann, above, with lady producer Bebe Daniels and Mrs. Harry Brand, wife of 20th Century-Fox's popular publicity director.



Tycoon Atwater Kent, himself the host of many of Hollywood's most spectacular parties, is on hand to welcome handsome singer Roger Dann to the film colony.



Man-about-town since he is no longer Mr. Rita Hayworth, Orson Welles escorts pretty starlet Lila Leeds. Left, noted columnist Walter Winchell with Greer Garson.

Photos by Robert Perkins and Associates



All the creative artists concerned in the production of "Gentleman's Agreement," from 20th Century producer Darryl Zanuck to the perfect cast which includes, besides the stars, Anne Revere in a wonderful characterization of the hero's mother and Dean J. Aguer in a well, remarkably appealing as his son, rate appl



The screen has seldom seen such poignantly passionate romantic interludes as those between Dorothy McGuire as the thoroughbred KATHY and Gregory Peck as the fine and sensitive writer, PHIL GREEN, whose daring idea carried out in a series of crusading magazine articles threatens to destroy their happiness. John Garfield contributes a ruggedly honest and uncompromising performance to add to the lustre of this splendid production.

Powerful drama with
a great theme, it's
all of that. But
surprise of this
important picture
is the beautiful love
story lyrically enacted
by Gregory Peck and
Dorothy McGuire



SCREENLAND

salutes
"Gentleman's
Agreement"



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Name

Address

Town State



By Constance Palmer

LEO GENN, the gentle Britisher with the black velvet voice, has had enough success to satisfy six ordinary men. Lawyer, motion picture actor, radio commentator, stage star, Lieutenant Colonel in World War II, counsellor for the prosecution at the Belsen Trials—any one of these could be considered an impressive lifetime career.

Now Genn has come to the United States for even further triumphs. He's *Doctor Kik* in "The Snake Pit," co-starring with Olivia deHavilland and Mark Stevens. He's *Brant* in "Mourning Becomes Electra" with Rosalind Russell.

Leo Genn, co-starring with Olivia de Havilland (top) in "The Snake Pit," for 20th Century-Fox, made his home in a penthouse apartment in the Hollywood hills, spent spare time tending terrace garden and writing long letters to his wife Margaret back home in England.

He's starring in "Green For Danger," British-made, J. Arthur Rank picture now released here by Eagle Lion. He appeared on Broadway as the older brother in "Another Part of the Forest," Lillian Hellman's stage play. When he finishes "The Snake Pit," he will go into "The Velvet Touch," again with Rosalind Russell—comedy for a change.

Most of the studios want Genn for their very own for a long, long time, but he won't sign a term contract with any of them. "All that fine print," he murmurs, smiling. Genn was a lawyer, you remember, and lawyers know too much about contracts. "I have a dread of signing documents," he stated positively. "I'd rather be free to go and come as I choose, to do only the pictures or plays I want to do. It stands to reason," he went on, "that when a company has you under contract, they are bound to use you as much as they can in order to get the worth of the money invested in you. And that often results in having to do something you don't want to do or that you (Please turn to page 81)



Meet the Man with the Velvet Voice

Genn, over six feet tall, has black velvet hair and eyes to match his black velvet voice. Below, he studies his lines for "The Snake Pit" with dialogue director Norman Stuart.



Introducing Leo Genn, whose success in six different careers is amazing only to those who don't know him. Read the first, exclusive interview with this great actor and gentleman



The distinguished actor from England made friends at the studio with co-star Mark Stevens, left, and director Anatole Litvak, at right above.





IT'S SMALL wonder that every writer still sets down, about Deborah Kerr, the pronunciation of her name. And that her studio still tells every caller, carefully, "It rhymes with star."

An interviewer thinks about speech, correctly pronounced and beautifully modulated, when he talks with the softly red-haired British actress. And "star" is mild. This young lady has all the requisites of fine acting—speech plus carriage, versatile range and, always, believability.

Miss Kerr's portrayal in "If Winter Comes," opposite Walter Pidgeon, follows shinningly on her first American screen performance with Clark Gable. That work in "The Hucksters" more than

clinched the sparkling reputation that Miss Kerr's early British pictures had established here. The imported "Black Narcissus" later proved the star's wide range, in a highly controversial rôle.

In "If Winter Comes" Miss Kerr tenders a portrayal equal in effectiveness, though wholly different in mood, to her "Hucksters" rôle. She enacts a woman who might have saved herself and the sensitive, introverted *Mark Sabre*, played with total understanding by Walter Pidgeon, from spending the greater part of their lives (particularly *Mark*) in misfit state. But place, Sunday supplement society and pleasure call Miss Kerr's *Nona Tybar*. *Sabre* is left, when scandal over-

whelms him, to fight his battle alone. Closing sequences bring the hoped-for note of happiness. A questioning hope reminiscent of *Scarlett O'Hara's* "Tomorrow is another day." Miss Kerr's handling of the rôle wholly complements Pidgeon's acting—praise enough.

A reason besides her two fine performances here makes it pleasantly necessary for Americans really to come to know Miss Kerr. It's not only that she glows as a person as vividly as she does—shy or animated, deeply moving or invigoratingly saucy—as an actress. Nor that those varied characterizations contrast with a consistent personal charm, in real life, marked by shyness she "wom-

The patrician British beauty of Deborah Kerr, having captivated American audiences in "The Hucksters," will next be seen in "If Winter Comes." Walter Pidgeon (top left, on this page) is Deb's co-star. Upper right, Miss Kerr in uniform required by her rôle is inspected by assistant director Greenwood.





Deb- On- Air

Somehow, even a seasoned reporter is so smitten with Deborah Kerr that he turns verbal handsprings when exposed to her gentle charm. Just can't help it!

By Lupton A. Wilkinson

anfully," thinks that she has conquered.

Here's the real reason we should know her. Miss Kerr, though she hopes to make at least one English picture a year, is pretty much ours—America's—now. She changed her plans to welcome at "home" her expected baby, at her doctor's insistence. Instead it was born in the United States. For this event she and her husband, likable Tony Bartley (former Squadron Leader, R. A. F.) bought a gracious home high along Pacific Palisades, with the entire ocean, through white sycamores, seemingly as a front yard and green-carpeted, terraced depth at the back. An English-looking gate accords with the dignity of the Georgian house itself—a house whose interior blends old American and other period furniture with excellent English pieces brought from the Bartleys' home at Mayfield, Sussex.

This reporter (Please turn to page 64)

Stars in the Skies

Frances Langford, wearing flying suit she designed herself—see knee pockets—and her husband, Jon Hall, are among Hollywood's most air-avid. Ty Power, left below, tosses some blankets aboard his big converted DC-3, just before taking off on a 10-week, 33,000 mile air trip, around Africa. Bottom of page, Dick Powell and Bob Cummings confer with General Jimmy Doolittle on the future of private aviation.

HOLLYWOOD is up in the air; more and more picture people are proving plane happy.

Yes indeed, aviation is here to stay; and I set out seeking sky-minded celebrities, first flying from Long Beach to Santa Monica Municipal Airport. There Clover Leaf Aviation thrives, with lovely Frances Langford and handsome Jon Hall in the cockpit of this modern enterprise.

As we chatted, in their hangar office, fascinating facts were forthcoming. Both of the Halls have been flying four years. Of course Frances first became air-conscious during her numerous skyway travels when entertaining service men all over the world, and learned to fly. About the same time, Jon sprouted wings. Always having been mechanical, (he's

built boats and made maps) piloting was a natural for him. Not that Jonnie, (as Frances calls him) is the lone inventive partner. For Frances has designed a woman's flying suit that would put many a professional modiste to shame. This attractive one-piece affair has huge pockets on each leg down near the gathered trouser cuffs.

"You know," Miss L. laughed softly, "during our Bob Hope tour we crashed off the coast of Australia. My baggage was lost, and I thought how terrible to be left on an island with no makeup. The suit means carrying a heavy handbag is unnecessary."

Yet however lightly Frances kids about being stranded sans cosmetics, you feel the intense regard she holds for disabled veterans; shared natural-



Hollywood's plane happy!
You'll be surprised how many
stars are sprouting wings

By Yvonne Leonard

Robert Cummings, above, has been flying over ten years. Gene Autry, right, is most air-minded cowboy star. Dick Powell, shown in four closeups below with his new Navion, soared into the blue just after completing his new film for Columbia, "To the Ends of the Earth."

ly, by Jon. They have the agency for Ercoupes, an all-metal, low-wing ship operated entirely by simple hand controls. Hence, Mr. and Mrs. Hall are glad that at present two men—paralyzed from the waist down—still enjoy that thrill of being airborne. One, an ex-Navy flyer, feared he'd never pilot a plane through the wild blue yonder again. But that's possible now due to the rental opportunities offered by Langford-Hall, besides their instruction, passenger and charter services.

"Nice, too," Jon added, "that husbands and wives are acquiring the taste for aviation together." Why, even as we talked, Robert Young and his wife waited outside. Bob is an avid student, with Mrs. Y. likewise enthralled.

"No more difficult than driving a car," Frances and Jon insisted. So to prove same, Mr. H. took me for a quick hop in one of their four (Please turn to page 76)



What to Wear?

Blonde thrush Doris Day
chooses clothes that are
simple yet stunning. She's
in "Romance on the High Seas"

By Mary Ellen Martin



At left, Doris chooses a gray all-wool jersey sport dress with silver loop-fastened buttons. The new look is added to this simple outfit with a half shawl collar and belt flap. Designed by Peg Newton as a stunner for taller girls.



What better than a fresh white blouse with a really full circular skirt? The skirt is by Sportgems and the blouse is a Paletta. Around her neck Doris ties a bright green Glentexscarf.

Above right, a sheer wool crepe with those roomy pouch pockets that are all the rage. By Peg Newton, it's a nifty for business girls or for sporty dates. Again tall girls may copy.

The cocktail hour cometh with Doris in an iridescent plaid taffeta dress, left. Has the new boat neck and sports a good looking back bustle. This is also from Peg Newton.

Right, Doris poses in a two-piece plaid wool sport dress with Eisenhower jacket. There are two kick pleats in the skirt. From Peg Newton. Shoes are from Palter de Liso.



For information on where to buy, turn to page 71



In Paramount's "Road to Rio," Bing and Bob play entertainers in a carnival side show, a setting which gives them ample opportunity for their zany dances, songs, and funny sayings. Above, fancy stepping by Bing. Right, Bob makes like a road company Carmen Miranda.



A number called "Apalachicola, Fla.," is said to be the boys' funniest. Above, they get into the groove with Bing making with the voice, Bob with the feet, or a little of both. Right above, Dottie Lamour joins in. It wouldn't be a "Road" show without Lamour.



PHOTO PREVIEWS

Bob Hope and Bing Crosby
in "Road to Rio," fifth in
their famous "Road" series,
out-clown even themselves



Just what happens to a movie actress on
a good will tour? Well, for one thing,
she works, as Virginia Mayo will tell you

Good Will Girl

By
Laura
Lee



It sounded like paradise to Virginia Mayo when her big boss told her she would have three glorious days in Philadelphia, with new hubby Michael O'Shea along. But it didn't turn out quite that way. Virginia, with Mike above, took arduous schedule with good humor. Below, just a few of the events that kept Miss Mayo stepping: greeting fans, modeling in fashion show, visiting historic spots.





"Oh, my tootsies!" moans Virginia as she stops for a brief rest on her round of visits. Right, at the Rodin Museum: Virginia and the famous statue of "The Thinker," both thinking.



THREE glorious days in Philadelphia! Three in New York, Pittsburgh and Detroit! It sounded like heaven to Virginia Mayo when her boss, Samuel Goldwyn, suggested it to her in Hollywood not so long ago.

The pretty little blonde star of Danny Kaye's "The Secret Life of Walter Mitty" saw it as a chance to catch up on her honeymoon with Michael O'Shea. Virginia and Mike were married July 5, but there has never been time for a honeymoon. This was their first breathing spell. "Breathing spell?" says Virginia,

now that the "honeymoon" tour is over. "What's that?"

Innocent and uninformed about the ways of demon press agents who plan these good will tours, Virginia is today a wiser if not sadder girl. When they said, "All you have to do is act as good will agent for 'Mitty,' Virginia thought it would be a cinch. Little did she dream that there was a heavy in heaven. The villain was the combined brains of the Sam Goldwyn office, Warner Brothers, who showed "Walter Mitty" in Philadelphia, and RKO through which the

Samuel Goldwyn pictures are released.

As one who followed the Philadelphia tour, which is typical of the other cities visited, I can testify that Virginia and Mike enjoyed their little honeymoon—along with thousands of other people, thanks to those master movie brains. The love birds think they probably hold a record for having more people on their honeymoon than any other couple in the world. It turned out in the end that they saw plenty of historical places and important people, but not much of each other. (Please turn to page 68)

Joe College, en masse below, greet the visiting Hollywood star with some good will of their own. Center, Virginia gazes at Independence Hall, one of the Philadelphia points of interest to every tourist. At right below, Mike O'Shea puts on jealousy act for his bride's benefit, with husky Charles Goldfine, movie theater manager, as the willing stooge.





Roy Rogers, Jr., (his friends call him "Dusty") expostulates in the best way he knows, when Dale Evans and Roy Rogers, who started the New Year as Mr. and Mrs., try to substitute a violin for his most prized possession, a gay, colorful balloon.

Here's Hollywood

CORNEL Wilde wasn't kidding when he said that New York would be his between-picture headquarters. Patricia Knight is already there and he'll follow as soon as he finishes "Walls of Jericho." "Country House," their home in Benedict Canyon, is up for sale. The beautiful yellow Cadillac he gave his wife has been sold to his agent. The theater was and is Cornel's first love. While the Wildes were never successful stage stars, Cornel has never gotten over the thrill of playing to a living audience. His new contract allows him six months off each year to do it.

SERIOUS or not, Ava Gardner and Howard Duff make a mighty handsome couple. And they're making with the dates several nights a week. Howard, who is also "Sam Spade" of radio fame, loves boogie woogie. A whole new world of music is opening up for Ava.

AT THE last moment, their baby's nurse was taken ill. So it looked like the Dan Daileys wouldn't get to the big party being given by Betty Grable and Harry James. Then Lloyd Bacon, who is directing Dan in "You Were Meant for Me," happened to call up. The director,

who is the self-appointed godfather of the new Dailey male, insisted on being baby sitter. And sit he did until three in the morning.

BETWEEN scenes of "B. F.'s Daughter," Barbara Stanwyck received a phone call from director Peter Godfrey. They wanted her to become godmother at the christening of little Barbara Godfrey, who is the star's namesake too. "Stanny," who never wears hats, didn't have time to rush out and buy one. But that night when the Jack Bennys came for dinner, she asked Mary Livingston if



Most unique ceremony of the month: "Dusty" is named Crown Prince by the Sons of the Pioneers. Above, "His Highness" recovers his prized balloon while sisters Cheryl and Linda look on. At right, he tries his musical talent, with aid of Dale Evans, on Pat Brady's bass fiddle.



The "Crown Prince" and his subjects, the Sons of the Pioneers, with the exception of Bob Nolan, who was on a fishing trip.



Alan and Sue Ladd meet the Commandant of Cadets at West Point, Brigadier General Gerald J. Higgins, while on location for Paramount's "The Long Gray Line," co-starring Donna Reed, and directed by John Farrow, left.



Jane Russell, all dolled up in costume for "The Paleface," Technicolor travesty on the Old West of 1870, isn't much different in contour than modern stylists' famous "New Look."

As Calamity Jane, Bob "Paleface" Hope's wife in the picture, Jane Russell gets pinned up by co-star between the scenes.

she'd mind leaving hers. Barbara returned it—filled with gardenias.

JUST one big happy family, that's what they are on the set of "Up in Central Park." The day we visited Dick Haymes in his dressing room he was playing Deanna Durbin's records. And Deanna, in her dressing room, was playing his.

IT WAS on the set of "Joan," "Joan of Arc," or "Joan of Lorraine." (They still haven't made up their minds!) With a perfectly serious face, Ingrid Bergman in her suit of shining armor turned to her wardrobe woman and said: "I have to change my costume. Please bring the pliers and screwdriver!" And she looked so surprised when the whole set roared with laughter.

WE WISH you could have seen the faces of two tourists who were in a booth next to Cary Grant's at Romanoff's. Cary was on the phone. "Let's get together tomorrow," they heard him saying. "I'll be in the bathroom all day!" Of course it was for a shaving scene in "Mr. Blandings Builds His Dream House."

DANA Andrews and Cesar Romero sat around waiting all day because the lobsters used in "Deep Water" hadn't arrived from Vinalhaven, Maine. And there weren't any in Hollywood to match up with the ones they'd used on location. Finally they arrived. Cesar, who was having dinner with the Zachary Scotts, arrived two hours late. "I brought along the stars of the picture," he said cryptically, as he tossed them a bag of seafood celebrities.

BY THE time you read this, Janis Paige will be Mrs. Frank Martinelli,



Jr. Never have you seen a gal so-o-o hysterically in love! The San Francisco restaurant owner presented his bride-to-be with a square-cut diamond *and* a beautiful convertible coupé for an engagement present. They met right after Janis finished making "Romance on the High Seas." She's been sailing through space ever since.

DESPITE his success opposite Esther Williams in "This Time for Keeps," Johnnie Johnston asked for and received his release from MGM. Both the crooner and Mrs. J. (Kathryn Grayson to you) feel he should be free to give out with "that old black magic" on records and radio, as well as pictures. Johnnie and Katie, by the way (who've only been

married three months at this writing) want a family so badly they already have a nursery completely furnished. Sir Stork, please note!

RETURNING home after a day in "The Long Gray Line," Alan Ladd found his living room gutted with smoke. All the furniture looked a hundred years older, due to a defective flue. "Susie and I are now in the antique furniture business," cracked Alan. "We make it for you while you wait!"

IT TOOK Pine and Thomas to realize what a bet Hollywood was missing in not using William Eythe. So those incomparable producers who turn 'em out for Paramount are starring Bill in "Hard

to Kill." His wife, the former Buff Cobb, is touring with Tallulah Bankhead in "Private Lives." She'll join her husband in the spring, so no separation rumors, please!

TOGETHER with George Murphy and Margaret O'Brien, Lotte Lehmann, the famous Metropolitan Opera star, makes her screen debut in "The Big City." One day the diva was telling George how much she liked Hollywood and would like to live here. "Well, just be sure that you have a place to live," Murph muttered. "The housing situation is so bad, the hermits are now living together!"

FOR ONCE Robert Mitchum was really scared. He was on his way



Can it be that Bob Hope's gags in Paramount Pictures' "The Paleface" have turned Jane Russell prematurely gray? Makeup artist and cameraman contrive to put Bob in a spot—but it's all preparation for a scene in the picture.

home from RKO, where "Rachel" is the sixth picture he has made without a rest. Bob stopped at a red light. The light turned to green. His car didn't move. Motorists behind him began to honk and shout. The thoroughly exhausted Bob was asleep at the wheel. No wonder he demanded (and got) a vacation.

WHAT a lovely little design for living we witnessed at the new "L'Aiglon" restaurant in Beverly Hills. Rita Hayworth, wearing that short hair-do,

was there with blond and bland Ted Stauffer. Across from them was Ted's ex-wife, Faith Domergue (formerly Faith Dorn at Warner Bros.) who is the star of Howard Hughes' "Vendetta." Faith was with MGM director Hugo Fregonese, her next husband. In came Orson Welles, who was recently divorced by Rita. And still later, Victor Mature, whose heart was almost broken when she married the "Genius." To top everything, those strolling violinists went from table to table playing "Just a Little Love, a Little Kiss!"

THINGS are certainly looking up for Mark Stevens. At 20th Century they built a ring and hired a trainer to condition him for the prizefighting he'll do in "Street with No Name." Then Mr. Zanuck, no less, sent word for Mark to use his private pool and have rub-downs by his private masseur each day when he finished his workout. Things seem to be working out on the domestic front. For her birthday Annette Stevens received a set of matching gold earrings and bracelet from her handsome husband.

YOU MIGHT know it would be the inimitable Sonny Tufts who would pull it! He was invited to one of those lavish parties given by Atwater Kent, the radio tycoon. Sonny walked in with a portable tucked under his arm. "Thought maybe you could fix it," he said to his host.

EVERYONE was very polite and pretended not to notice. But there was a decided coolness between Clark Gable and Lana Turner, when they weren't ac-

tually doing scenes for "Homecoming." Some say it's because Lana was late a couple of times and kept the company waiting. Whatever the cause, they still shook hands and gave a party for cast and crew, the day they finished the picture.

MOST amusing sight of the month: The sartorially perfect Clifton Webb walking into a new restaurant sporting a crew hair-cut. "Just call me Butch," he instructed everyone.



At top of page, Dona Drake with Bill Goodwin, playing the rôle of a ham actor in "So This Is New York," is reminiscent of ye olde vaudeville days. Corn? Yes, but we can use it! M corn, above, when Henry Morgan, star of film, disapproves—all for the picture, of course.

SCREEN Tests

★ By ALMA TALLEY ★

MATCH MATES

Let's pretend a screen star's wife is talking to her husband—or vice versa—"I'll drive over to the studio this afternoon and pick you up when you're through working for the day." Let's suppose the people mentioned in the left-hand column below showed up at the studios to pick up their spouses. The spouses are mentioned in the right-hand column. Can you sort out which names should be paired together?



- | | |
|------------------------|---------------------|
| 1. Joanne Dru | (a) Gene Kelly |
| 2. Ben Gage | (b) Shirley Temple |
| 3. Jack Briggs | (c) Irene Dunne |
| 4. Leonore Kip | (d) Esther Williams |
| 5. Betsy Blair | (e) Joan Fontaine |
| 6. Bill Dozier | (f) Dick Haymes |
| 7. Diana Lewis | (g) Joe Cotten |
| 8. Dr. Francis Griffin | (h) Bette Davis |
| 9. John Agar | (i) Bill Powell |
| 10. Bill Sherry | (j) Ginger Rogers |

ROUNDAABOUT WITH THE STARS

In the squares below you can spell out the last names of at least twenty-five well-known movie players. Move from one lettered square to an adjoining one, in any direction—up, backwards, diagonally, etc., but each square should be used only once in the same name. For instance, starting with D, lower right hand corner, above to A, backwards to Y spells DAY. How many names can you find?



B	R	L	A	M	O	E
S	O	A	N	T	U	R
N	G	E	R	D	T	N
S	W	A	T	S	I	N
N	Y	O	H	E	R	E
E	R	E	P	M	Y	A
Y	T	H	L	O	B	D

NAMES IN LIGHTS

A heavy storm has damaged the local movie theater. The beaten-up marquee over the entrance features the names below, still intact in lights. The theater owner, wishing to change his program, wonders what to do about the featured players. But he finds he can get nineteen other important movie names out of the letters he still has showing on his marquee. How many can you get? What he has to work with is:

GRANT—POWER—CAULFIELD



Answers on page 65.

"Night Song"

Continued from page 35

player himself. He was young, and there was a grimness about his face, a faraway look in his blue eyes which weren't young at all. There was a sadness there too which moved her strangely. He didn't even glance her way but staring at him, the way his expression changed as he played, Cathy felt he was no less fascinating than his music.

"Light me a torch, will you, chum?" he said suddenly.

It was so unexpected that at first Cathy looked around. But there was no one there but herself, and realizing the request was meant for her she lighted a cigarette and held it out to him. He went on playing, not noticing it even when she held it directly in front of his face. And with a sudden sinking feeling she knew he was blind.

She put the cigarette in his mouth and he held it there as he played. Then he smiled for the first time. It wasn't a friendly smile.

"You're probably half drunk and want me to play a song that reminds you of some guy," he said. "But you're out of luck until this gets finished. I call it a *Concerto for Sweeney* and I'm never going to end it."

Cathy felt someone take her by the arm. Then there was George's voice trying to control its fury. "Don't you think you'd better come back to the table?"

"Why should she, buddy?" the pianist asked, his voice even more ragged than it had been before. "I'm exhibit A around here. I'm the blind piano player. She wants to see how I find the keys with only my fingers. You tell her it's a Braille piano."

He sounded as if he hated her, as if he hated everybody. She saw Chick come back to the bandstand and from the way he looked at her she knew that he had heard too, and she flushed as she turned abruptly and walked back to the table.

Chick followed a moment or so afterwards and she was glad he did, for George was lashing out at her in a jealous harangue. Besides, seen close like this, Chick didn't look at all brash and glassy-smiled like the others. There was something nice about him, something understanding for all the hard-bitten wisdom of his mouth.

"You look pretty unhappy," he said. "So I think I ought to say something. This is a very hospitable clip-joint and Mamie doesn't like anybody to be unhappy unless it makes them want to drink more. So I think I better apologize for my friend at the piano."

"I didn't know he was blind," Cathy said quietly.

"Some very nice people are blind," Chick said. "And Dan Evans is very nice himself. But when he gets around music something happens to him. You know what I mean?"

"No," George said bluntly.

Even Chick's easy assurance went at that, and Cathy smiled at him, trying to take the sting away.

"I think we'd better be leaving," she said.

It was one of those foggy San Francisco nights and the limousine seemed to crawl up Nob Hill to the old Mallory house on the peak of it. But though George was eager to make amends Cathy didn't ask him in as she sometimes did. She couldn't wait to be alone and when the heavy, carved door closed behind her she almost ran over to the huge concert grand piano in the drawing room.

She was standing there, her fingers trying to recapture the melody she had heard, her mink coat still hanging loosely from her shoulders, when her aunt came into the room. Willey, as everyone called her though she was well in her fifties, stood there a moment, a smile edging her sensitive mouth.

"I'm an old woman with my big toe in the grave," she said then. "And I forget what happens in the world after midnight. But something has happened to you. Where did you get that music? What does he look like?"

Cathy hesitated. But she knew it wasn't any use trying to dissemble before Willey.

"Well, I think he was tall," she smiled. "He had dark hair. His face was strong and very sad and—"

"What did he think of you?"

"He was blind," Cathy said starkly. And as she felt that rush of tears to her eyes she turned to the piano and tried to find the melody again.

It eluded her then but in the morning she awoke remembering, and as she hummed a few bars she remembered his face, too, and his hands moving over the keys, and suddenly everything she had ever known became stale and meaningless.

What had it meant, her life, anyway? Going from place to place with her restless, frivolous mother who was still going from place to place, living on the checks Cathy sent her. Palm Beach, Newport, Paris, Capri, walking through the Louvre as though it was the Saks Fifth Avenue of culture, seeing only the externals, missing the deeper loveliness of the paintings that hung there.

There was her father. He had been different. Once just before he died he had told her of the dreams he had once had, of the music he had wanted to release from his heart. But her mother had never understood dreams, and so instead he made a million dollars and it hadn't meant anything. Not to him or the daughter he adored. Not to Aunt Mary Willey either, who had come to live with Cathy after his death.

Her life hadn't seemed so utterly useless before the war. But after that, after flying planes across country, and more important after walking through the military hospitals, she knew she couldn't go back to the emptiness she had known. But what could she do? Play the piano a little, break eighty on an easy golf course, fly any ship in the sky and drink four martinis without splitting an infinitive. And none of them meant a thing.

They meant even less now. She tried to get back into the rhythm of her days,

going to parties, dancing with George. But there was only one thing she wanted to do and at last she did it. She went back to the *Chez Mamie*. But this time she went alone. She selected a table near the bandstand and then as she sat down there was that sharp disappointment as she glanced over at the man playing the piano.

"No, it ain't him," a quiet voice said, and there was Chick standing looking down at her. "Dan quit last night. He quits about once a month. He's a very unpredictable character, Miss Mallory."

Cathy motioned for him to sit down. "How did you know my name?" she asked.

"I played with a band one night at your Nob Hill joint," Chick's one-sided smile came. "And I saw your picture in the papers when you joined the Army. Then I was in that London hospital when you got Kreisler to play the fiddle for us. Small world, ain't it?"

"Was he blinded in the war?" she asked, fighting to keep her voice steady.

"No, afterwards. He had his own band before the war. I started with him. Now he's with me. But he's got something none of the rest of us have. That music you liked, it's the piano concerto he started two, three years ago. He won't finish it. He hasn't written a note since his eyes went out. Just pounds that piano up there nights. It's his way of selling pencils. He's Mr. Blindman, and nobody with eyes can tell him anything."

"How about somebody without eyes?" Cathy said thoughtfully.

"Like who?" Chick demanded, his eyes reminding her of Willey's the way they looked as if no one could hide anything from them.

She flushed a little. "Like another blind person," she said.

"You know somebody?"

"I was just thinking," she said lamely, faltering a little under his cool, cynical eyes.

"I don't get you," he said, and his voice was cool and cynical, too. "This guy is blind and he's in bad shape upstairs. Maybe he'll get over it someday, maybe not. But I don't know where you come in. You got a jillion dollars and a pretty boy friend. What are you slumming after him for?"

He had given it to her so straight that Cathy wanted to run and hide somewhere in her humiliation. But she had been doing too much running and hiding.

"The music," she said, her voice tight. "I can't get it out of my head. I want to help a man who can write like that, in any way I can. That's all."

He didn't quite believe her, but his eyes relented a little looking at her. "You couldn't help him," he said. "I know the guy. I've lived with him. I pour his beer. I make his bed. I read books to him and spell out the tough words. I take him walking on the beach. I know him, and there's only one thing he wants from somebody like you and that's to be left alone." He got up. "I think you're on the level but that won't get it."

He took him walking on the beach, Chick had said, and Cathy remembered. She walked on two of them herself be-

fore she found the right one. And then there was her heart doing tailspins as she saw them walking across the sand toward her.

"Chick?" she made the name a question as she came over to them, trying to signal with her eyes. "I thought I recognized your voice," she went on quickly. "My companion left me for a while."

"He did?" Chick grinned.

"No, she," Cathy said. "You really do remember me, don't you? I'm Mary Willey." And then as Chick introduced her to Dan she took the plunge. "You may be holding out your hand, Mr. Evans," she said, "but if you are I can't see it. I'm blind."

"Blind?" Dan's unseeing eyes turned toward her. "Did you say you were blind?"

"Yes," Cathy said, and Chick gave her a long look.

"Why don't you two sit down and I'll go back for the beer," he said.

Dan was different than he'd been the other evening. "So you're blind," he said almost gently, and for the first time Cathy wondered if she could go on with it.

"I hear you're a fine musician," she forced herself to sound casual. "I've heard a lot about you."

"You like music?"

"I love it."

"What do you like?"

"Oh, Bach, Debussy, Stravinsky. And I like Gershwin, too, and the Duke and Bix—"

"Beiderbecke?" For the first time there was real interest in his voice. "You know his stuff?"

She nodded before she remembered. "People think he was just a man with a horn," she said. "But he played a good piano, too. He died too soon." She looked at him, taking courage from his smile. "I'd like to hear you play sometime."

"I don't play any more," he said shortly, his smile gone again. "I trade boogie woogie for beer and hamburger. I like to eat."

"I wish you'd teach me to play."

Everything blacked out of his face at her words except the grimness. "You must like to be around blind people," he said. "I don't."

"I didn't think of it that way. It's just that music's about all I have to live for."

He didn't answer and she was glad to see Chick coming back. "I wanted him to give me piano lessons," she said. "And now he's angry."

"He's an angry man," Chick smiled his wry smile. "Now if you wanted to take up the clarinet, we could do business. Have some suds?"

"No, thanks," Cathy said, and her voice sounded so small and defeated that Dan felt a twinge of conscience in spite of himself.

"Can you play at all?" he asked.

"A little. I—"

"What do you care?" Chick broke in abruptly. "She's busted. She couldn't pay you anything."

"He's a very mercenary character," Dan said, and he looked almost boyish grinning like that. "That's why he's a second-rate musician." And then as

Cathy and Chick exchanged that incredulous, hopeful glance, he got to his feet. "Come on, Chick, let's walk. See you around, Miss—"

"Mary," Cathy said.

He smiled again as he repeated the name after her and then he started forward feeling his way with his cane.

"Well, what do you think?" Cathy whispered.

Chick shook his head. "I don't know. With this guy you never know."

"Are you with me or against me?"

"I'm where you put me," Chick shrugged. "Dead in the middle."

"You don't think I can get away with it?"

"You can try," Chick scrambled to his feet. "One thing, though, you can't pull it in that Nob Hill palace. No mink coats. No limousines. Nobody loves a millionaire except politicians and Powers models and me. Be poor, get some joint with a piano and a hot plate. Clean but crummy."

No mink coats, the man said. No Nob Hill palace. No limousine. So instead there were the plain little worsted suits, the old convertible Cathy hadn't used for years, the small studio on Telegraph Hill. Clean but crummy, just like the man said.

Of course Aunt Willey was there too. Cathy wouldn't know how to get along unless Willey was somewhere in the pic-



No words are needed in this scene with Fred MacMurray and Valli. It's the beginning of romance in RKO's "Miracle of the Bells."

ture. But instead of being aunt and companion and overseeing the servants in a twenty-odd room house, Willey was now aunt and companion and an artist—Willey, who couldn't stand the smell of turpentine but who had to smell it now, for the setting had to seem real.

And it did. For the first time Chick brought him there Dan sniffed the air. "Who's been painting something?" he asked.

"Oh, that's Aunt Willey," Cathy said. "She's an artist."

Willey cleared her throat. "Been dashing off a magazine cover," she said modestly.

"I'd like to see some of your stuff," Chick said, playing it all the way. And

so they went into the other room, leaving Dan and Cathy alone.

There was that same fluttering feeling in her heart as if wings were beating in it as she took his arm and led him to the piano, the only thing she had taken along from Nob Hill.

"Baby grand?" he asked, his fingers touching the keys.

"Concert," she said. "It was my father's. He used to be very good when he was young."

"What happened to him?"

"He got married," Cathy said. And after a pause, she added. "He's dead."

"Let's hear how you play," Dan said.

It was difficult for Cathy making the mistakes she had to make. Not too many, just enough, undoing all the careful training she had had since she was a child. But she convinced him. He had already started teaching her when the others came back.

"Why don't we all have dinner together?" Cathy suggested on a sudden impulse. "And then go to the concert."

"I'm giving one at *Chez Mamie*," Chick grinned.

Cathy was looking at Dan. "They're playing Moussorgsky," her voice was a little desperate. "And Delius."

"Delius?" Dan's head lifted. "*Brigg Fair*?"

"*The Walk to the Paradise Gardens*," Cathy said breathlessly. "Willey can always get tickets. We could go to Petropolo's up the street and have spaghetti?"

"How can you go against that?" Chick said. "Delius and spaghetti."

"I'm afraid I can't," and again there was that smile lighting Dan's face as he answered.

The music was wonderful, but it was even more wonderful sitting there beside Dan, their shoulders touching as the music soared around them. She looked at him, and then it wasn't so wonderful any more. For Dan wasn't conscious of her at all, only the music. He seemed far away, like a man absolutely alone.

But afterwards it was different, driving Dan to the old house on Russian Hill where he and Chick lived and having him suggest their coming up for a cup of coffee and Willey, always so understanding, insisting no man could make coffee to please her taste and leaving them alone.

There was the same feeling that always came when they were alone, that feeling in which shyness and happiness and fear were all mixed up together. She went over to the piano and began playing a simple melody.

"How long have you been blind?" Dan asked, coming over to her.

"Since—since I was a child."

"That's what I figured," he said. "Because you play like you've had a nice, sheltered kind of life. Why don't you ask me how long I've been blind? You've been wanting to ask me ever since we met," the bitterness had come back to his voice. "If you want to ask something, ask it! If you want to do something, do it! If you live like that—ah, forget it."

Cathy's fingers dug into her palms. "How long have you been blind?" she asked.

"A year and a half. Too long or not long enough. I don't know yet which. What do you see when you play? I mean what pictures do you get in your head?"

"I don't know." Cathy's hands moved slower now over the keys. "Sometimes it's the sun playing through a lattice, or the rain glimmering on a window pane, or flowers, a whole field—"

"Real pretty," his laugh sounded harsh. "Rain on a window pane and you nice and safe and warm behind the window! That's not what the rain means to me. It's trying to find a job in the rain! It's keeping a newspaper under your shirt to keep you warm and the paper gets soggy and the water drips down into your shoes. The rotten, cold rain. It never stops. You hate it! Did you ever in your life hate anything?"

She didn't answer and his laugh came almost triumphantly now.

"A field of flowers, she says! No, it's a kid finding out somebody on the block died and running like crazy to Mr. Kilp the undertaker! If it was a funeral that paid real good, Kilp'd turn his back, let you take some of the flowers. You'd sell them and maybe make enough to see a movie. A happy day when you heard about a funeral on the block! Not very pretty, huh?"

"No," Cathy said in a low voice. "Not very pretty. But you do make me see what you mean."

"Sure. The pictures in my head. Put 'em all together and they make music." He picked up a folio of manuscript papers and slapped them against the keyboard. "*Music for Sweeney*. Half down on paper and it'll never get finished. Because the pictures stopped a year and a half ago when I got blind. I went through four years of the war, two years overseas and not a scratch. Then I came back and got to be a nice soft civilian again. I was in a drug store at the fountain. A drunken driver crashed into the plate glass window. That glass came flying. I was eating a dish of ice cream. Chocolate. Play *Hearts and Flowers*. That's one you ought to know."

She didn't have to answer because the door opened and Willey came in with the coffee. She must have heard something of what they had been saying for after a while she picked up the manuscript. "Do you mind if I try to play it?" she asked.

She sat down with a great bustle, but after she'd played a few chords he sat down beside her and began playing as Cathy knew Willey had expected he would. He was smoking a cigarette, and it was amazing that when he put it down every now and then he placed it on that one burned spot. The music filled the room, and when Cathy glanced at Willey she saw there were tears in her eyes.

It was a week later that Cathy went to the *Chez Mamie* again. Chick came over to her table right away, giving his order to the waiter who had just taken hers.

"Bourbon and a saucer of milk," he said, and then as the man gave him a quizzical look and left, Chick reached down into his pocket and brought out a tiny kitten. "I bought the guy a cat," he explained a little shamefacedly. "It's his birthday and he likes cats. Maybe

because they sing. Very musical character."

"He's singing now," Cathy smiled, leaning over and pressing her cheek against the tiny furry body as she listened to the small, caressing sound of its purring. Then she straightened again. "I wanted to talk to you about Dan. Is there anything that could be done about his eyes?"

"Sure," Chick picked the kitten up as the waiter deposited the glasses and the saucer on the table, then as he put it down again pressing its head toward the milk, the purring rose ecstatically. "There's a trick operation. Sometimes it works, sometimes no. But the only guy he'll let touch him is a big shot surgeon in New York."

"Well, why—"

"You know that stuff they keep in banks?"

"But I've got money," Cathy said eagerly. "Why don't I—"

"Because he's a very independent guy."

"Couldn't I give the money to you and you give it to him?"

"Same thing."

"I know!" Cathy said. "He could win a prize in a musical competition. A big cash prize."

"Very good," Chick's eyebrow lifted sardonically. "If there was a big cash prize, and you could get him to write the music and his music won it."

"You forget," she tried to say it lightly but she had to fight to keep her tears back. "I'm Catherine Mallory. Catherine Mallory is rich. She becomes a foundation. She gives an award."

It wasn't easy to persuade Dan to do it, but they did their best, Cathy and Chick and Willey and Sam Hall, that's what he called the kitten. Then one night Chick called Cathy and for once there was excitement in his voice.

"The man just went to work. He had more trouble making up his mind than I do a bed. But he did it, and he's tearing the piano to pieces."

"I knew it," Cathy said. "I knew it!" And then she began to cry.

Not that it went too smoothly even after that. There were times Dan almost tore the papers out of Chick's hand when he was writing the notes down for him, and there were other times when he couldn't play at all. But at last it was finished.

"What happens now?" Willey asked the night Chick called to tell them.

"Well," Cathy said, "it goes to the Committee of Critics, and if they agree with Catherine Mallory it wins the prize and Artur Rubinstein will play it."

"And if they don't?"

"Then it will lose," Cathy said quietly.

"You're a strange girl," Willey sighed. "Couldn't you have arranged it a little more on the frame-up side?"

"No," Cathy said. "This doesn't need any help, Willey. This is first rate. It can get along by itself."

There were times like that when she was so sure. Times like the one when they all went up to the cabin on a lake and went fishing, and afterwards Cathy and Dan sat on the porch under the stars he couldn't see. But there were other times when she couldn't be sure, and then she would pace the floor thinking that

maybe she should have made it more of a sure thing after all. Then something in her would die a little and she'd know she couldn't really breathe again until Christmas Eve when the name of the winner was going to be announced. So that when the telegram came it was almost like an anti-climax after all those little deaths she had died, after all those resurrections that had followed.

Only when she told him it wasn't an anti-climax. She had saved it until after the midnight services at the church, when Willey had gone on ahead to get the car and she and Dan walked down the aisle together.

"Dan, I brought you a Christmas present," she said softly. "A telegram. Your Concerto won the Mallory prize. Artur Rubinstein will give it its first performance this spring at Carnegie Hall." And then as he didn't say anything, only turned his unseeing eyes toward her, she took his arm excitedly. "You've won! Now you can go to your doctor in New York. You'll see again."

"No," Dan said. "You're going. You did this. It wouldn't have happened without you."

"That wouldn't be any use," she said, and for the first time, through all the singing happiness that had come with his words, she wondered how he would feel when he knew she had deceived him. "They can't change my eyes. If you did it for me—you said you did—"

"That's what I said."

"Then go on for me," her hand tightened on his arm. "I want you to."

"I'll be back," he said. "I'll never forget you. Never." He leaned over and kissed her cheek and so tasting her tears, he knew she was crying.

"What's this?" he asked.

"It must be that Christmas music," Cathy tried to keep her voice steady.

But suddenly he didn't seem to even know she was there. "Holy smoke! I won it!" he cried as if for the first time he was accepting the reality of it. "I won it!"

Right then Cathy had the first knowledge of what it would mean, if he didn't come back, right then when the fear of it first struck at her. But she pushed it away. Through all the weeks that she waited she kept pushing it away.

First it was for the operation itself she waited, and even when it was performed at last there was more time to wait until they would know for certain if it were a success. Then after more weeks, when Chick telephoned to say the bandages were off and everything was all right, there were more weeks before he'd be able to travel.

Those were the weeks that stretched longest of all. They went on and on long after the time she had expected they would. And it was always Chick who wrote to her or telephoned. Never Dan.

"Willey," she said one day, "I have the feeling the operation wasn't a success. I think they're trying to spare me the shock. I think—"

"You're thinking too much," Willey said. "You ought to do what you're wanting to do."

"I wish you wouldn't be so smug and full of worldly wisdom," Cathy sighed.

"You're in love," Willey smiled im-

perturbably. "And since that's a form of insanity, I'm only trying to humor you."

"Well," Cathy bit her lips. "I happen to think he's still blind."

"Because you haven't talked with him?" Willey's voice was gentle now. "Hasn't it occurred to you that he hasn't talked with you because he *isn't* blind any more? And now that you've got that bee added to your bonnet-full, you'd better let me call the airport and get a reservation for New York. That's what you've been thinking about, isn't it?"

"Yes," Cathy said. "I think he needs me."

But as it turned out he didn't need her after all.

It was just as well that Chick was alone in their hotel room when Cathy got there. He hedged a little, but not too much, as though he knew it would be easier for her to take it straight. Dan's eyes were all right. It was just that he didn't want to go back.

"You see the guy was blind," Chick explained. "He was buried in a big black grave as big as the world. He was dead, and then suddenly he came to life. Everything fell into place again. Trees and streets and beautiful dames. It's a big thing. You can't expect a guy to—" He hesitated, and Cathy finished it for him.

"Go back to a blind girl?"

He didn't answer, for there was the door opening and Dan striding in as if he owned the joint. He looked at her and then his face lighted as if it weren't only the hotel he owned but the world it was in. Cathy's heart did a flipflop. Then it settled back into a dull aching again because he didn't look like that because he recognized her. She was just one of the new dames he was discovering for himself.

"Dan," Chick said, "this is—"

"I'm Catherine Mallory," Cathy put in quickly.

Dan's grin broadened as he strode toward her. "And I was thinking all people who gave art prizes were conscience-stricken millionaires or old spinsters who had cheated Wall Street!" He turned to Chick. "Have you told her she's having dinner with us tonight?"

Chick shook his head as the door to the bedroom closed behind Dan. "I don't get it. Why didn't you tell the guy?"

"I couldn't," Cathy said. "Not yet."

Chick went over to the piano and took up a pile of manuscript. "This is all the new stuff he's written. The guy writes all the time. He writes in his sleep and mine. Everybody on Broadway's after him." He gave her a long look. "You going to tell him who you are tonight?"

"I don't know," Cathy said.

It was silly this feeling she had, as if one part of her hated another part of her. And yet she hated Cathy Mallory, the girl who Dan was so clearly smitten with as if Cathy Mallory had nothing to do with "Mary Willey" at all.

And it could have been so wonderful if only it was "Mary" who went to dinner with them that evening and to the gay theatrical party afterwards. It would have been wonderful if it were for "Mary" he was playing his new concerto *Cake-walk on Park Avenue* instead of Cathy.

"And to think," he grinned, coming



On location: RKO's "Berlin Express" troupe, Lucien Ballard, Merle Oberon, Paul Lukas, Robert Ryan and Robert Coote, discuss scene in actual foreground of bomb-ruined Reichstag.

back to her, "I used to play in a little joint in San Francisco for seventy-five fish a week."

"Now you play for millionaires," Chick put in sourly. "And get a martini with a cracker and anchovy paste."

Dan laughed. "He's bitter. He's homesick for the slums."

"And you?" Cathy said.

"Not me. I'm a bright lights guy from here in. I lived in a sack over my head for a long time. I was blind."

"I know," Cathy said. "Chick told me. It's a marvelous story, isn't it? It's like a bad novel you can't put down. You're like a character out of a Greek fable."

"So are you," Dan said, kissing her with his eyes. "There must be some way we can get out of here."

They went through the door, out onto a terrace that overlooked a city which looked like a great sprawling Christmas tree with all those lights glittering over it.

"Tell me about you in San Francisco," she said.

He told her a few things. About the *Chez Mamie*. About Sam Hall, who was probably sleeping his fool kitten's head off right this minute in Willey's lap. But he didn't tell her what she wanted to hear.

"Doesn't a girl come in somewheres?" she asked.

His eyes looked stricken. His face got that old, closed-in look again. "Yeah, one did," he said. He looked out over the city and then he looked at Cathy. "This is where the guy in that bad novel you mentioned always says something very effective," he said.

"You were telling me about a girl," she prompted.

"No, I wasn't. You were telling me." And then as she urged him again he went on as though it hurt to go on. "She was blind. We were two blind people in a city full of eyes. I was nothing until she came along. I never saw her. I might tell her hand or her voice." He looked at her. "Her voice was something like

yours. Lower but like yours. Like yours is now, out here."

"And you're not going back?"

"From you?" he said. And then he kissed her and it was different from that other time he had kissed her, for he was kissing her as if he would never leave her again. Never.

Even Cathy realized she was silly sometimes, the way she couldn't tell him, the way she wanted him to go back to "Mary."

"Why should he go back if he falls for Mallory?" Chick asked that day they were walking through the Park. "Why should you care? You're Mallory. You're 'Mary Willey.' How can you lose?"

"I just want him to go back," she said in a tight little voice. "She's the girl he said he'd never forget."

Then suddenly one evening it was as if Dan had slipped a little on that rosy cloud he was riding on. It was the evening they were coming back on the ferry from Staten Island where they'd gone for dinner. It was the evening Rubinstein was going to play his Concerto in Carnegie Hall.

Dan was staring down at the dingy docks which weren't so different from the docks in San Francisco, just as the dingy houses, the slum streets weren't so different either. "How does it feel to be rich?" he asked suddenly.

"I don't know," she said. "I've never been poor."

"I've been so poor the cockroaches walked out of the place," he said. "Where have you lived?"

"Here, France, Italy."

"I was in Italy," his eyes looked more brooding than before.

"I studied the piano there," she said.

"I was in Salerno. We didn't have a piano," his voice had sounded almost brusque, but as he turned to her again the brooding had gone from his eyes and they looked puzzled instead. "I keep thinking I've known you, that I've met you. It's a strange thing. Like when you

think something happened exactly the same way before and you swear it has."

"It's an exploded theory," Cathy said.

They left each other to dress for the concert but when they met again Dan still looked moody.

"I even like you when you're sour and gloomy," Cathy tried to smile. "Did you bet on a slow horse or is there a song you can't finish?"

"Not a song," he said. And he was quiet all the rest of the way. Even when they went inside he was quiet.

"Well, this is it," Cathy said as the musicians came out on the platform.

"And I thought it was rough at Salerno," Dan said, taking out his handkerchief and mopping his face. "Look, I'm going to run any minute."

She tried to keep her voice calm. "In case you run, where will you be?"

"That joint we went to once in the village? Remember?"

"Okay," Cathy said with a lightness she didn't feel at all. "Shall we synchronize watches?" She tensed then as the lights flickered and went out. "Good luck," she whispered.

After she got used to the darkness she could see his face again. She couldn't keep her eyes away from it as the great Rubinstein began playing. Sometimes her tears blurred her vision, remembering the first time she had heard that music played. But that wasn't what kept her from really seeing. For how can anyone see what really lies beneath another person's face? How can anyone know another's thoughts?

So she couldn't know the pictures going through his head as he listened. A night street and a dog running down it and a news boy shouting and a car whirling around a corner leaving a trail of laughter behind it. Then they changed to the sea at Salerno and it was the dark of dawn and men were wading in it toward the shore, silently, wordlessly. It was like the shifting pieces in a kaleidoscope. Another street this time, a windy, blowy street, and he walking utterly alone. And after that the same street and the same lonely figure in the rain. There was the blatant orchestra in the *Chez Mamie* and the smoke-filled air and there was the sea and the sand and a fog swirling around him and a girl whose face he could not see. A girl whose face he had never seen. And there was a piano in a studio and the memory of how he had felt sitting beside her and wondering, wondering about the face he could not see. Was it a plain face, an ugly face, a lovely face, a sad face?

Cathy turned her eyes away as he got up so suddenly, as he gave her that quick pressure and was gone. She forced herself to sit there. Only when it was over, when she knew the concerto was the success she had hoped it would be, did she leave and go to the little place in the Village.

But it was Chick who met her there.

"I have news for you," he said grinning. "Dan's packing. We're leaving for San Francisco. Back to 'Mary.' I'm supposed to tell you why. I'm breaking the news. I've got the gift of gab. I'm breaking it easy to you." And then as she stared at him blankly, her tears coming as slowly she began to understand,

his grin faded. "I thought that's what you wanted."

She nodded, and as she clung to him weeping, he grinned again. "Now I get it. Tears of joy. Anything I can get you?"

"An airplane ticket," she whispered.

She got the plane before the one they were booked on. So that when the knock came on the door of the little studio on Telegraph Hill the next day she was sitting at the piano. Her back was to him as he came in and she didn't turn even when he came toward her.

"Mary," he said, and his voice had

never sounded humble before. "Mary, I'm back."

He was there right behind her, and as she turned he caught his breath and she couldn't tell anything from his eyes staring at her, anything at all.

"Light me a torch, will you, chum?" she said.

Still he didn't say anything. But she knew it was going to be all right. For without taking his eyes away from her, he lit a cigarette and put it to her lips. And as he bent over her she saw there were tears in his eyes, too.



Gary Cooper, who plays a good Samaritan in Leo McCarey's "Good Sam" for RKO-Radio release, and co-star Ann Sheridan, reminisce on the set between scenes.

Deb-on-air

Continued from page 45

found his hostess, shortly before the Pacific Palisades house was ready for occupancy, seated in the yard of a Santa Monica home rented from Tamara Toumanova, famous ballet dancer, and her writer-producer husband, Casey Robinson. A mammoth oak and the dark green of varied shrubs formed background. Dressed in pastel blue and white with a dusty rose Kashmir scarf (pastel also keys her coloring—faint strawberry and cream under honey-mellow freckles), Miss Kerr seemed a modern, vital version of a Gainsborough, Romney or Reynolds portrait. It was difficult to take notes, because of the compulsion to watch the candor and glow in the green-blue eyes and enjoy the music of the wholly English way of speaking. English accent and intonation, like American Southern, are painful when imitated. Genuine, they have magic appeal.

Talk ran to a childhood (Miss Kerr was born in Helensburgh, Scotland) where fancy and shyness jointly reigned. "Father," Miss Kerr said, "was in continuing poor health for some years"—he died when she was fifteen—"and my brother, David, and I were recommended by Mother to play outdoors. There was plenty of outdoors in Scotland—ponds, small streams and a deep atmosphere of peace."

Imagination often seized on young Deborah, outdoors or indoors. Hers was

even more intense than marks the average child. Once, after seeing "Peter Pan," she imagined the power to fly and actually took off from the mantelpiece. Mud pies were ice cream to her (a dream delicacy she didn't like when she found it in America), and she held a fanciful bent for costume, often dressing the five-years-younger David, in her mind's eye, in clothes "of the most elaborate fashion." Empty jam jars were Grecian vases to her. Practical, too, she gravely "sold" them to relatives for pennies. Moreover, she and her brother set up a toll-gate system by which each buyer-victim paid a farthing to come in. "David and I," she laughed, "were frankly mercenary."

What must have been an innate desire for acting, and, in her father's words, "to have a profession and not just wait around for marriage," took active form when, after Captain Kerr-Trimmer died, mother, sister and brother moved to Alford in Sussex. Deborah continued her education at Northumberland House School in Bristol. She soon, however, gave up general studies there to become a full-time student at a school of drama and related Arts. Also in Bristol, the school was conducted by an aunt, Phyllis Smale, the first member of her family to evidence a leaning toward things theatrical.

Deborah's capacity for imagination had met nicely with the nearness of her

aunt's school, and though the inevitable shift toward what Deborah called "miming" would come, she showed, during her first full year at Miss Smale's, marked promise at ballet. She herself told the reasons why, after winning a scholarship to the famous Sadler's Wells School, where her dancing ability became even more evident, she changed over to drama. "First," she recalled, "I grew rapidly several inches taller"—she's today a movie-smart five-feet-seven—"than any other girl in the class. I knew I was a problem to a teacher of ballet, a group art where pictorial harmony is all-important, and felt embarrassed. Second, I confirmed to my own mind that I was lazy. In grade school I had shunted off History and Mathematics. I found them hard. Now, at Sadler's Wells, I suddenly realized I'd much rather "mime" than spend endless hours at horizontal bar work and multiple spins on tiptoe."

The co-star of "If Winter Comes" is equally honest off-screen. Looking always like a Reynolds-modern portrait, and lovely to listen to, she answered questions with no Hollywood "put-on." Had she given serious thought to the effect of the expected baby on her career? "No. I have merely accepted the blessed event as blessed. Who can compare a baby in value to anything else?"

Had she found difficulties in adjusting herself to American ways of living? Few. She is an example, essentially, of the young woman who "carried on," professionally and in war work, in England, without fuss. "After the catch-as-catch-can way in which England lived during hostilities," she did admit, "and post-war restrictions, American life seems miraculously pleasant, adjustment easy."

Unlike most wives, Miss Kerr enjoys talking about her husband, six-foot-plus, brown-haired, blue-eyed Squadron Leader Anthony Bartley. "We differ enough," she said, "to be compensatingly companionable. Even in food we're different. I am enthusiastically a fruit juice girl. Everything your California offers—lime juice, orange juice, grapefruit juice. Tony likes sturdier fare. Steaks, like any man. And, possibly because eggs were so unobtainable during the war, they are virtually a diet with him."

"Don't you like sturdy food, too?"

"Avocado. I'm afraid I'm going native."

One happy difference, Miss Kerr said, between herself and her husband is that, "I am a great talker and he is a good listener. I tell him plots of scripts I read"—she's offered many of Hollywood's enticing rôles—"and the detail of what goes on during the day. Everything on-set is interesting to him." That last is doubly so because Squadron Leader Bartley, while he is here, has been taking an eager interest in movie-making. He's typically English about *not* talking plans, but the skillful and absorbing work he did in the documentary film field—government orders—during some war months left a lively impress. We may have both the Bartleys—who knows, maybe three?—in screen work.

The Bartley, *péré*, interest in movies was born when, after joining up at nineteen and serving on many missions, he was posted to the late Leslie Howard's

film, "First of the Few." The coming into being of another interest was delayed. Working briefly at the Denham studios, he *didn't* meet Miss Kerr who was acting on a nearby sound stage in "The Day Will Dawn."

The day actually dawned one evening nearly four years later when Miss Kerr, in war work in Belgium—playing opposite Stewart Granger in "Gaslight"—fell under the eye of the gallant flyer, momentarily on leave in Brussels. This was at a tense, fateful moment, the eve of the dropping of troops into the Rhineland. The young people's romance was one of those swift, separation-broken war *montages*: love at first sight, the feeling that to find someone stirring instant and vital appeal in a time when important things counted most was a sort of God-given breather, and inspiration (England, after enduring pressure, could sense from Brussels the certain end of chaos but at flaring cost); then periods when letters counted secondmost and faith sustained.

Squadron Leader Bartley was switched from a European duty to the Pacific area, and Miss Kerr underwent more waiting while he flew rugged combat missions over green jungle wastes or blue water. In the Pacific planes were sometimes faulty and Miss Kerr would wake mornings wondering, "Is he up or on the ground today?" She says now, "I didn't worry too much about forced landings. My husband could have been a mechanic if he hadn't been a pilot. He's as handy with a monkey-wrench as some women are with hair-pins."

The actress who is so softly gentle in manner and for whom life has been, and is, so crowded and animated, reached success very young. Her swift succession of fine rôles and glamor-bright co-stars leaves her still startled. Yet it was preceded by the usual knocking at agents' doors.

"I really went up to London," she said, "because through the kindness of a friend I was promised a small part in the Open Air Theater in Regent's Park." That was in 1939, and she rose from walk-ons to rôles with lines like, "Will you go hunt, Milord?" War and its bombers shut down

that theater and also Miss Kerr's promising (?) career, concerning which the question mark had never frightened her.

Deborah went home with her mother, couldn't abide idleness with her country's fate at stake and returned to London to combine repertory with the war work that led eventually to her meeting the pilot son of Sir Charles and Lady Bartley. She admits an inner self-confidence as to her professional hopes, but adds, "I found that London itself, with the crowded houses, the bustle—not like New York's but enough, heaven knows—and the feeling of self-absorption on everyone's part instead of the friendliness of country life, brought out the strain of shyness in me to a degree I hadn't known." She found herself stepping aside to let strangers enter doors, and, she recalls, "I almost curtsied when meeting anyone older than myself."

She did open doors, though, agents' doors, and meanwhile lived at a London Y. W. C. A. on thirty-five shillings (seven dollars) a week. Strangely this did not reduce her to her present svelte figure, because Producer-Director Michael Powell noticed her in one agent's office—to remember her as "a plump little dumpling who was obviously going places." He wrote in a bit for her in the film, "Contraband"; the cutting-room floor got that, and fortune turned upward only when Gabriel Pascal, trusted screen director of George Bernard Shaw's plays, received an impression contrariwise to Powell's, greeting the earnest applicant for any kind of rôle with, "Young lady, you have a spiritual face." That lovely face and the dramatic power behind it went presently into the part of the Salvation Army girl in "Major Barbara."

Critics and the public took charge then. The rôle of *Sally Hardcastle*, the Lancashire girl in "Love on the Dole," was followed, in 1941, by starring leads in three important films: "Penn of Penn-castle," with Clifford Evans; "Hatters' Castle," with James Mason and Robert Newton, and "The Day Will Dawn," with Hugh Williams. That was the film in which the star just missed meeting Tony Bartley.

Nineteen forty-two brought the swiftly established star her clinching English triumph—triple rôles in "The Life of Colonel Blimp." The picture, shown in the United States, heralded the prize we were to acquire in Miss Kerr, and the three women characters she played—those who most affected *Colonel Blimp's* life—offered a challenge she met with skill and fidelity.

"Perfect Strangers," with Robert Donat, released in America as "Vacation From Marriage"; "I See A Dark Stranger," with Trevor Howard, released here as "The Adventuress," and "Black Narcissus" were other important English-made films. They kept her busy. Earlier Miss Kerr starred with Donat and Edith Evans in a brilliant London stage production of Shaw's "Heartbreak House."

During the filming of "Black Narcissus," Sqd. Ldr. Bartley phoned from Australia. Miss Kerr rushed to the phone, had difficulty hearing because of the nun's head-dress she wore, answered

ANSWERS TO SCREEN TESTS ON PAGE 59

MATCH MATES:

1, f; 2, d; 3, j; 4, g; 5, a; 6, e; 7, i; 8, c; 9, b; 10, h.

ROUNDOABOUT WITH THE STARS:

Bogart, Rogers, Stewart, Reagan, Andrews, Garson, Garland, Landis, Power, Hope, Hayworth, Raye, Wayne, Eythe, Temple, Loy, Boyer, Day, Tierney, Dunne (Irene), Dunn (James), Mature, Lamour, Muni, O'Hara.

NAMES IN LIGHTS:

Arnold, Crain, Crawford, Darnell, Fonda, Ford, Garfield, Garland, Garner, Loder, Lorre, Lupino, Neagle, Powell, Price, Reagan, Tone, Turner, Wilde.

"Yes" with speed, and for the next weeks rushed with equal vim to secure England's "first silk from wood fiber," fit the wedding gown in an all-night sitting and acquire such oddments of trousseau as holdover war shortages permitted. She needn't have hurried so—that was the period when Tony was up in the air and down on the ground, in Pacific jungles, with annoying alternation and delay. He did reach home, in November, for the St. George's Hanover Square Wedding, first large formal one after the war's end, and almost a year with his bride in the charming Mayfield, Sussex, cottage. They celebrated their first wedding anniversary, though, in New York's Stork Club, due to the perspicacity of MGM's Louis B. Mayer, whose instructions to the company's London representative, Ben Goetz, had resulted in the couple being Hollywood-bound—Miss Kerr on a seven-year, \$1,092,000 contract.

Miss Kerr, in a quiet, almost languid, mood in the yard of her rented home, discussed plans for the new, purchased one. "It has happy, high ceilings," she said, "which always give me a feeling of being able to breathe easily, and on the other hand is the type of house in which unneeded rooms can be cut off. Of course, we are *converting* one room, the extra large dressing-room next to mine, for a nursery." Plans for that emerged. Miss Kerr's room was to be decorated in light gray and rose, her favorite colors.

What did she like best about life in the United States? "The facilities for living near one's work and getting back and forth with ease and in pleasant surroundings. In England, the studios are in the suburbs, and if you live in town, you must go through crowded, mono-

tonous areas to reach work. On the other hand, if you live in the country, it's likely to be in the wrong direction. We used to think, for example, the forty-five miles from Alford to London was a weekend trip."

The Bartley's best friends include the Rex Harrisons, David Niven and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.—the latter always a favorite with English or Continental sojourners in Hollywood. On Sundays it's tennis with the Van Johnsons. Miss Kerr, as the afternoon fell, turned to two favorite subjects—books and rose plants. Many of the books would come from England; the rose-bushes were and would be a major interest in relation to the new home. "Roses," she said, "require constant care, but reward the time you spend on them so richly."

On the less esthetic side (or is it?) the kitchen had been the first room furnished in the Pacific Palisades home, and its most cherished furnishing the White House Cook Book. On the unesthetic, self-contented side is Jason, a Sealyham, white with gold whiskers, devoted enough to eat a Kerr salad. True love, for he gets one only when Mrs. Bartley thinks it hasn't clicked enough to offer Tony.

The Bartleys are young newcomers in a good land. Gadgets, plentiful food, friends who never lost the habit during the war of smiling, and who greet them, expecting fun and warm talk, are a species of continuing miracle. As if a gay-colored curtain, in a friendly theater, rose and re-rose.

Before this reaches print, there will have arrived the new Bartley. A reporter who wouldn't call a horse or a Sealyham "it," here offers choice of names. Tony or Deb, welcome!

The Public Knows!

Continued from page 23

wise is in direct ratio to the news-wise importance of events in the rest of the world."

We found it was hardly necessary to remind the 20th executive that there is bound to be criticism against Hollywood that is justified. When we suggested this he was again ready with the answer.

"The second group of critics," he added in a quieter tone, "I will concede, is composed of those whose opinions are based on a desire to be helpful and constructive. These last are the ones who say that Hollywood does not fulfill its obligation to further the enlightenment and education of the masses.

"I have no quarrel with them. But I must point out that Hollywood's survival is based firstly on its ability to provide entertainment. Enlightenment through the screen is also recognized as of vital importance, but the film producer speaks to an empty pulpit when he subordinates entertainment in bringing his message to the screen. There is a part of the public that will go to the theater to receive a message, but it is so infinitesimal compared to those who go for diversion that the film maker who attempts to cater to the minority courts certain financial ruin."

On this score we also had no quarrel with Zanuck. The record shows that he has done as much as any studio head in Hollywood to drive home a message with his entertainment. Good examples of this were his "Grapes of Wrath," "How Green Was My Valley," "The House of Rothschild" and other such pictures.

"Our 20th Century-Fox company is trying to continue this policy of interspersing our production program with the entertaining yet enlightening type of picture," he told us, returning to the subject of Miss Hobson's "Gentleman's Agreement."

"We chose this book," said Zanuck, "because it brought into focus one of the most vital questions of the world today, intolerance. Yet the subject is presented in an arresting and dramatic fashion which the reading public has found entertaining. This is proved by the fact that hundreds of books have been written on the same subject with negligible success, while 'Gentleman's Agreement' is still a top best-seller after being on the book stands for eight months."

In the matter of further answering Hollywood's critics who claim the picture industry does not bring more enlightenment to the public, Zanuck point-

ed to an interesting parallel between film making and book publishing. Of all the books published during the past eight months, he demonstrated, you can count on one hand the number that conveyed a strong message. The remainder were intended for sheer entertainment.

On top of this, he revealed that Miss Hobson was four years in the writing of "Gentleman's Agreement." By this token, it is impossible for movie-makers to get hold of enough material of this stamp to make a steady run of pictures that enlighten as well as entertain, according to Zanuck.

"Find us more significant books like 'Gentleman's Agreement,'" he challenged, "and we will film them. My studio buys them whenever they are available, and the same is true of every studio in town."

He had only to point to his record when he was in charge of production at Warner Bros. Zanuck had no trouble convincing Jack L. Warner, his boss at the time, that the public would buy pictures that hit at gangsterism, the social menace of that period. As a result, he was given the green light to turn out such films as "Little Caesar," "The Public Enemy" and "Five Star Final." Even more significant was the Warner film, "I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang," which was also produced by Zanuck.

It is Zanuck's theory, as well as the theory of producers at MGM, Columbia, RKO, Universal-International, Republic and all the other studios in Hollywood, that the public dictates its own preferences in pictures. They are convinced that while they can occasionally lure people into theaters with a message that is well interlarded with entertainment, it is impossible to drive patrons in.

Even with this conviction, however, producers often do their share of gambling on a property in the faith that it will become a best-seller. On "Gentleman's Agreement," for example, 20th Century-Fox bought the story before it was published and had proven itself on the book stands. The explanation of this is that the book presented a moving love story along with its powerful preachment against anti-Semitism.

"I'd take a gamble on a story like that any time," Zanuck emphasized, "but show me where to find one more often."

The word gamble is not an empty one to film producers, as was proven by the making of "Wilson," by Zanuck's own studio. Zanuck deliberated the filming of Wilson's life for two years, eager to bring to the screen a picture that would highlight the message that a system of world collaboration would have to be found eventually to outlaw war. The picture cost \$5,000,000, but lost money for the company—although it took five Academy awards in 1945.

Certain that such a fate does not await his version of "Gentleman's Agreement," because of its great popularity with the public in book form, Zanuck is now squaring his shoulders for another plunge. His next film message will be delivered in "The Iron Curtain," an excursion into international politics and intrigue which may be a risky business by the time it is ready to be shown because of uncertain world conditions.

"This is another picture that combines entertainment and enlightenment," he told us. "It will be based on the court trials of spy rings in Canada and the United States which sought to steal the atomic bomb secrets. It will be a highly dramatic exposé, calling attention to one of the grave threats to democracy. We are filming it along the same documentary lines which made 'The House on 92nd Street,' 'Boomerang' and other such pictures a success."

Like most veteran producers, however, Zanuck can point out to critics of Hollywood that a man who makes pictures with a sincere desire to serve the public has to take one gamble after another. He took his biggest one back in 1928, along with Jack Warner.

At that time Warner Brothers had been working on the idea of injecting music and songs into their pictures, mostly short subjects, when Warner asked Zanuck to make a longer musical picture, "The Jazz Singer," starring Al Jolson. The first plan was to have only songs, but Zanuck slipped in bits of dialogue as the picture was under way. This, you will recall, was the birth of talking pictures.

Probably the greatest reason why men like Zanuck, Harry Cohn, Louis B. Mayer and other studio heads don't spend much time trying to answer the barbs tossed at Hollywood, is that they don't believe the public falls for most of the criticism leveled at film people. If there is one thing of which movie-makers are convinced, it is that the public is not a collection of dumbbells.

This, more than anything, is the reason why producers tread with such caution when they select a property for filming. They are certain the public knows what it wants, according to Zanuck, and they never kid themselves otherwise. By the same reasoning, though, they also believe that the public can make discoveries for itself. And that's the cue studios follow when they try something different.

Because the public does buy Hollywood's product consistently enough to make the film business the nation's fifth largest industry, Zanuck and his fellow producers feel sure that they are making an honest effort to please theatergoers. This also indicates to Zanuck, at least, that the large percentage of the public is not too respectful of people outside the industry who spend their time taking pot shots at those who provide their entertainment.

"I can give you a very simple reason why I know the public is hep and doesn't pay too much attention to our critics," he told us in conclusion. "You can put on the greatest publicity and advertising campaign in the world for a picture, and you may be able to bring the people in for about three days. But after that you are on your own."

"If the theater audiences don't like a film and feel it is over-sold, don't worry. They will get the word around. *The public knows!* And it is also aware that we couldn't turn out the tremendous number of pictures we do if we didn't spend our time at hard work in Hollywood—and not playing, as some Hollywood critics would have them believe."

Love-quiz ... For Married Folks Only



WHY DOES HE PULL AWAY FROM HER TOUCH?

- A. If her husband avoids her "love pats"... caresses... the answer may lie in her neglect of intimate feminine daintiness.
- Q. Could this neglect kill married romance?
- A. Yes. Proper feminine hygiene is necessary for complete womanly charm. That's why many doctors so often recommend "Lysol" brand disinfectant—for effective douching.
- Q. Why "Lysol," instead of some other disinfectant?
- A. Because "Lysol" is a proved germ and odor killer. Unlike many less dependable preparations, potent, reliable "Lysol" kills all germs it contacts.
- Q. And what about using salt or soda... or other homemade douching solutions?
- A. No weak, makeshift solution can begin to compare with "Lysol's" proved efficiency in contact with organic matter.

LET "LYSOL" help you keep the wholesome, complete daintiness so important to married happiness. Always use "Lysol" in the douche.



Check these facts with your doctor

Many doctors recommend "Lysol," in the proper solution, for Feminine Hygiene. Non-caustic, gentle,

"Lysol" is non-injurious to delicate membrane. Its clean, anti-septic aroma quickly disappears. Highly concentrated, "Lysol" is economical in solution. Follow easy directions for correct douching solution.

For Feminine Hygiene—always use

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Good Will Girl

Continued from page 53

"After all," explained one of the assistant villains seriously, "Virginia is a valuable property. She is being paid a salary and every minute wasted is money wasted."

Well, Mr. G., no one can say that time was a-wastin' in Philadelphia. Here is a full report of Virginia's breathless itinerary in the Quaker City from Monday at 10:10 a.m. to Wednesday at 11 p.m.

Monday: 10:10, arrived 30th Street Station, Pennsylvania Railroad Station. A crowd of fans who had recently seen Virginia as *Marie*, the greedy, vulgar little war bride in "The Best Years of Our Lives," was waiting to greet her.

10:20: Enterprising photographers tore her away from enthusiastic autograph hunters to shoot pictures of the arrival.

11:15: Virginia arrived late for the unreeling of "The Secret Life of Walter Mitty," pre-viewed by Philadelphia motion picture critics. Virginia declined to say how many times she had seen the picture.

12 noon: Virginia and Mike lunched at the Ritz Carlton Roof Garden with members of the press and radio—and their entourage of press agents. Although she never let on, this luncheon would have been an ordeal for a more wordly woman than the 24-year-old St. Louis girl. As is the custom at these interviews, no subject was too personal for attention. Inquisitors did not overlook anything, from the fact that Virginia began her career as "stooge to a fake horse," when she was ringmistress in a night club and vaudeville act and later in "Banjo Eyes," to a horse composed of Andy Mayo (no relation) and Nonnie Morton, to the fact that she is only four years older than her stepson. Michael has a 20-year-old son and 18-year-old daughter.

1 p.m.: She hadn't half finished her food when she was rushed to the Fourth Country Antique exhibit, where the mayor of Philadelphia was patiently awaiting her arrival, so together they could cut the rope that opened the show. In Detroit, said Virginia, the mayor never showed up, which gave Philadelphia's Mayor Bernard Samuel a big laugh. Proving that she is tactful as well as beautiful, Virginia later came to the mayor's defense during some backstage gossip. A man who loves to have his picture taken, the mayor gently moved Virginia from left position, to right, so that he would get first billing on the picture captions, said the gossips. "Tain't so," said Virginia. He changed her position, so that her beret wouldn't hide her face. Flash bulbs filled the air like fireflies. The presence of a glamorous Hollywood movie star drew attention away from Hepplewhites and Sheratons. All those who could manage it wangled an introduction to the star.

2:15 p.m.: Car was at the door to pick up Virginia, Mike, press agents and photographers, for a charity stunt in connection with the Community Chest. At Goodwill Industries Building, where handicapped people do everything from make rugs to repair dolls, Virginia had her picture taken with workers in every

department, met everyone from basement to top floor.

2:45: In what must be a record for visiting historical spots, Virginia was taken, mostly for picture purposes, to Independence Hall, Congress Hall, the Betsy Ross House, Benjamin Franklin's grave, the waterfront, Old Christ's Church, the Rodin Museum, the Philadelphia Museum of Art. She posed for what seemed like hundreds of pictures, with the Liberty Bell, with Betsy Ross's flag, cheesecake on the water front, with Delaware River Bridge in the background, a gag shot at the Rodin Museum, where she imitated pose of "The Thinker."

5 p.m.: Back at the Ritz, Virginia met Major Barrett and Lt. Smith, of U.S. Navy, who escorted her to the Navy Yard where the Marines held a celebration, replete with band, to "honor Virginia Mayo as 'The Marine Dream Girl.'"

6 p.m.: "Chow" with the Marines of Philadelphia.

7:30 p.m. to 11 p.m., Virginia and Mike were given "time off," which they used by going to the theater—to "Medea," to see Judith Anderson and John Gielgud. It was time out for the love birds, but one of the six publicity men who were with them at all times, tagged along—just in case.

11:45: Latin Casino Night Club.

12:30 to 1 a.m.: Interview over the air. Virginia talked about *Mr. Mitty*.

1:30 a.m.: And so to bed—with publicity man in room next door.

Tuesday: 12 noon: Luncheon at the Poor Richard Club, all-male organization of Philadelphia advertising men. Even demon press agents admitted that Monday was rather tough going, allowed Virginia to sleep late. Appearing for the first time without her bridegroom, who stayed at the hotel, he said, "to wash sweetie's stockings," Virginia looked beautiful in a green glamor outfit, had Philadelphia's most important advertising men lining up for autographs—for their daughters, so they said. Head publicity man Lynn Farnol was rushed from New York to introduce speaker Virginia Mayo. Though they sat at table until 2:30, Virginia never got past her first mouthful of dessert.

3 p.m.: "Studio Party," half hour interview and orchestra program.

3:30 p.m.: Recording for another program.

4:10: 950 Club of Bobby Soxers, who almost tore poor Virginia apart.

4:45: Virginia and Mike and you know who else rushed to visit and be photographed at the Pennsylvania State Censor Board, at "The Exhibitor," movie trade magazine, and at RKO, where workers stayed late to meet the guests and Virginia met everyone including shipping clerks, film cutters, file girls, film inspectors, sales force and branch managers.

8 p.m.: Dinner at night club where Virginia was photographed with Xavier Cugat and Frank Palumbo, in a publicity stunt for "Gold Star Wives" dance, sponsored by Cugat and Palumbo.

11:15: Virginia took part in disk jockey show.

11:45 p.m. to 12:05 a.m.: Virginia ditto in still another disk jockey program. And so to bed.

Wednesday: 9:15: Bright-eyed and apparently rested, Virginia arrived right on time for radio program of chatter and records.

10:30: Virginia and Mike had one whole hour and fifteen minutes—for their honeymoon. It passed quickly up in their hotel suite, with Mike giving hilarious impersonations for the benefit of miscellaneous visitors.

12 noon: Virginia took a quick look and was photographed at Better Philadelphia Exhibition and at opening of new art gallery in Gimbel Brothers Store.

12:30: Radio interview.

1 p.m.: Lunch at Ritz with President Livingston Johnson of Temple University, as well as with the vice president and provost of the university. Asked later if she wasn't awed by so much learning Virginia smiled and said "no," she had fun listening to how they raised money for the university.

2 p.m.: Temple University football team rally, where Virginia was mobbed by hundreds of students who couldn't get in Mitten Hall, as well as by hundreds more inside. Virginia presented each of the 54 members of the football squad with a smile and a pair of miniature good luck golden shoes from "The Secret Life of Walter Mitty." She autographed plaster cast on broken ankle of one player, was carried aloft on the shoulders of two others.

3:30 p.m.: Virginia visited Warner Brothers, met everyone from telephone operators to head of the works, was photographed with several, gave dozens of autographs.

4:30: Mass interview in Warner Brothers club rooms, with editors of high school papers who asked Virginia everything from what she thought about the long skirts to how to get in the movies.

5:15 p.m.: Virginia took part in cocktail hour fashion show of fur coats. Virginia had a good laugh over one spectator who tried to tear Virginia's own slinky black silk jersey dress off her back, in the belief it was for sale.

6:30 p.m.: Dinner on the waterfront at old Bookbinders Restaurant, where Virginia made another broadcast from a noisy corner table, posed for more photographs, with mounted fish in the background.

8:30 p.m.: Virginia and Mike attended a rehearsal of the Mask and Wig show, of the University of Pennsylvania.

11 p.m.: The happy honeymoon couple said goodbye to Philadelphia, boarded a train to Pittsburgh with their entourage reduced to one publicity man.

When it was all over, publicity men, photographers, Michael O'Shea and this reporter were hollow-eyed and weary. But not Virginia.

"Like a little lamb with no squawks," as one press agent put it, she had dutifully carried out every order, even to posing for a couple of gag shots in which she was supposed to be exhausted, but wasn't, Virginia seemed as fresh as when she stepped off the train at 30th Street

Station; said she wasn't tired because Mr. and Mrs. Goldwyn had taught her how to take people in her stride and relax no matter what she was doing.

To sum it up, Goldwyn's docile little lamb had, in three days, appeared at 36 separate events, met an average of 20 persons at each appearance, attended three mass events, posed for 250 pictures, not counting hundreds of amateur camera shots which were taken by mysteriously appearing crowds wherever she went and took part in every conceivable form of communication: newspaper interviews, television show, 12 radio shows. She was accompanied at all times by from one to six press agents, one to four photographers.

Best time she had in Philadelphia, said Virginia, as she boarded the train, was on her evening off—at the performance of "Medea." There, she could be just another spectator.

Inside Hollywood's Social Circle

Continued from page 38

mercifully all night long, with gags like: "You can't drink out of that bottle, Johnny, because the hostess at El Moroco forgot to put a nipple on it."

The Zachary Scotts donned bathing suits of the 1890 vintage for comic relief, while, for sheer elegance, nothing could top Marie Wilson's Marie Antoinette gown. The only thing that could top it was her wig, which was easily a foot and a half high. Her handsome husband, Allan Nixon, was a dashing escort as *D'Artagnan*.

There was a million dollars worth of entertainment on hand, too, to keep everyone in a festive mood. Bob Hope introduced Jack Benny and his hill-billy band, a group from the Ozark Philharmonic, if I've ever seen one. They were a sensation, especially with their own special version of "Feudin' and Fightin'," all done with timely lyrics anent the movies.

Surprise of the evening occurred when Janis Paige showed me a beautiful diamond ring. I looked from the exquisite emerald-cut stone to the smile on Frank Martinelli, Jr.'s, face and decided right then and there would be the perfect time and place to announce their engagement, which they did. They're both awfully sweet youngsters.

Only one little incident occurred to mar the festivities, but it wasn't really important enough to matter. One of our well-known male singing stars of the screen and radio, who hasn't been doing too well in pictures recently, got temperamental because he had been kidded, and walked out on the entertainment, just before he was supposed to sing. It's too bad that poor sportsmanship like that can hurt a career, but you can be sure the photographers are apt to point their cameras in the other direction from now on.

The following evening was equally as gay, but struck a more formal note. It was the opening of the San Francisco Opera in Los Angeles and it was also the

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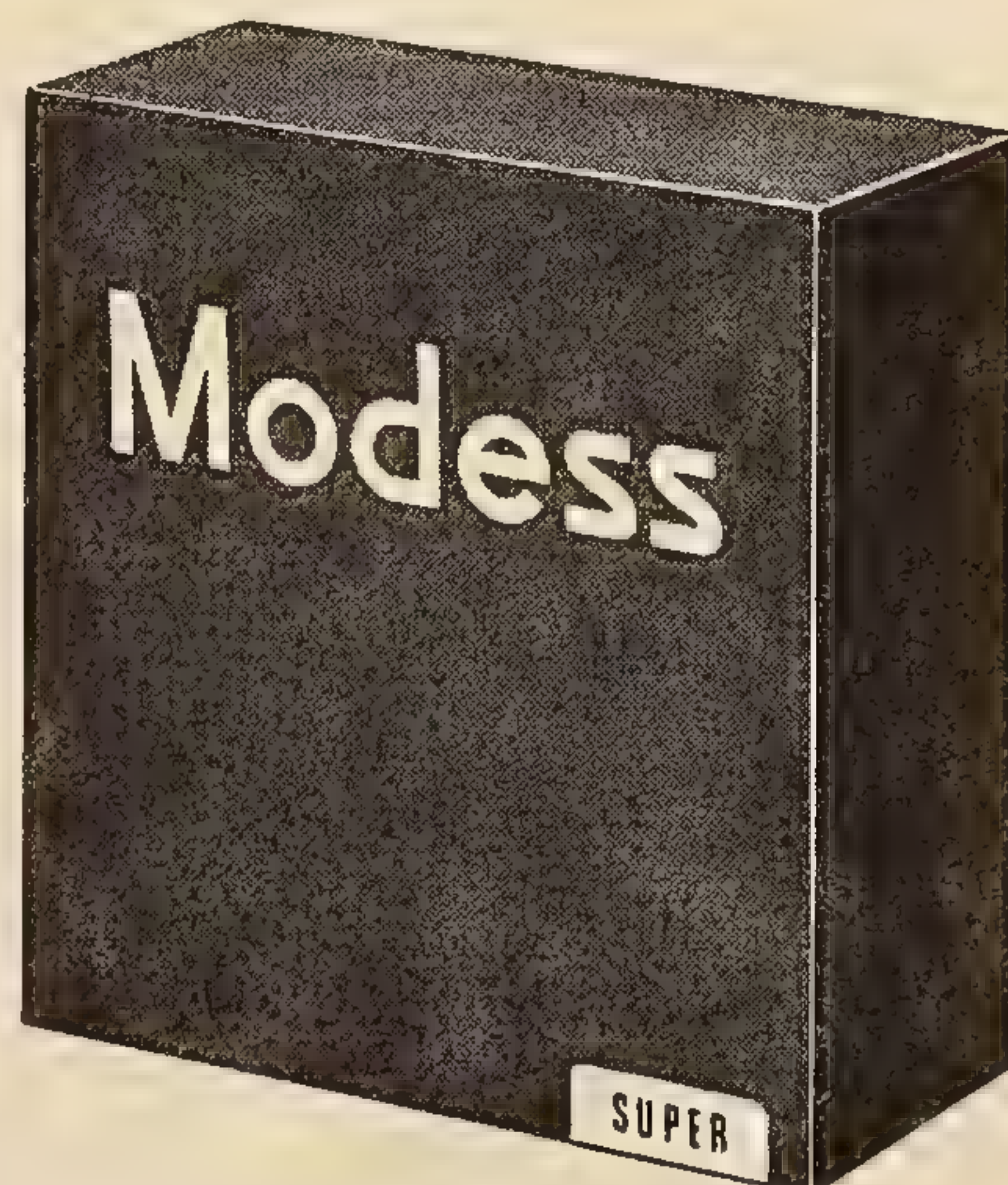
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A slightly narrower napkin. For women and girls of all ages who find a smaller napkin more comfortable and amply protective. Modess Junior size gives you the same luxury softness and so-safe protection as Regular size Modess.

Modess Super

in the orchid box

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opening at the Chanteclair of my friend, the French singer Roger Dann, an event which I sponsored, because I had known Roger in Paris and had heard him sing many times. He is a young Maurice Chevalier and has been called the "Frank Sinatra of Paris." Actually, he has a charm and a smile all his own and he completely captured his star-studded audience. As you can imagine, there were plenty of white ties and tails and it is really thrilling to see so many of our handsome leading men in evening clothes.

Paulette Goddard and Burgess Meredith were early arrivals at the Chanteclair with the John Hustons (Evelyn Keyes), Rudy Vallee and lovely Joan Baruch, who is my house guest, and the Sonny Tufts were at my table, while nearby sat Orson Welles and Lila Leeds (that's really getting to be a steady combination), Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon. After the opera, the Peter Rathvons and a party of ten dropped by, and then came Greer Garson, who spent a lot of time chatting with Walter Winchell and getting all the latest news!

Paulette and Burgess liked Roger Dann so much they stayed for the second show and after it was over I told Meredith that I had heard he was going to write a play for Paulette.

"Oh yes, Cobina, I'm hard at work on it. I've just finished writing both intermissions!"

It was a delightful evening and an ideal way to top off an opera opening of top hats.

Speaking of the opera, every year Atwater Kent gives an opera party at his great Bel-Air estate, Capo di Monte, and invariably there is an array of opera stars as glittering as the turn-out of movie folk. This year was no exception, only that Atwater made it an afternoon cocktail affair so that those who were going to the opera that evening could get away in time. Among the opera stars who were present were Dorothy Kirsten, Ezio Pinza with his daughter, Claudia Pinza, who has a lovely voice herself and made her opera debut this season; Bidu Sayao, Larry Tibbett, Stella Roman, Salvatore Baccaloni, who's always a clown at any party, no matter how formal it's supposed to be, the Charles Kullmans, Jan Peerce and James Melton.

And do you know they liked dancing to the rhumba band as much as anything! As Larry Tibbett said, while we were dancing, "Didn't you know we're all, at some time, fugitives from arias? And this is one of the occasions."

Among the Hollywood celebrities who are great opera devotees and who were on hand to welcome the vocal stars, were Gene Raymond and his Jeanette MacDonald, who looked perfectly ravishing in a black sequin cocktail suit of the new length, with a stunning hat of black aigrettes.

The Nelson Eddys, Charles Korvin and Virginia Field, the Paul Henreids, Ruth Warwick, the Brian Ahernes and Nina Lunn also helped lend celluloid glamor to the party which broke up just before opera curtain time.

I've received several letters from readers asking how the invitation lists to big parties are handled and whether there aren't a number of "uninvited" who at-

tend. Naturally, a Hollywood party, particularly one to which a number of stars have been invited, attracts more gate-crashers than any other. Some of the fans are so ardent that they will stop at nothing short of murder to get near their idols, but they seldom prove a menace at any parties in private homes, because the estates are well-guarded and it would be a major feat to get past the front door.

My friend Atwater Kent has an excellent system. Even if he has not sent out formal invitations, but has had his secretary call, there is a list of the people invited at a desk in the reception hall of his home. His efficient butler, Milroy, answers the door and announces the name to a secretary seated just inside and the secretary checks off the names as the guests enter.

Of course, in the case of a costume party, it is a little more difficult. I recall last Hallowe'en, a well-known producer gave a party and a couple turned up effectively costumed and wearing masks. They danced well, entertained various groups with witty stories and helped mix drinks and made themselves generally pleasant additions to the party. When the evening was over, I asked my host who they were. He looked at me with surprise, and said, "Why, Cobina, I thought you might know who they were. I never saw them before in my life, but they were certainly two of the most amusing guests I've ever had in my house."

Only recently, I had something of a similar experience. I gave a small cocktail party for David Brown, that delightful and witty editor of Liberty Magazine, who was out here on a visit. I invited several friends and, just before the time of their arrival, I received a call from a young man who introduced himself to me on the phone as a friend of some very close friends of mine in London. He said that he had just arrived from England and had only been in town a day or so. I told him that I was having some people in for cocktails that afternoon and that if he was free, I'd be delighted to have him drop by.

He came and proved to be a very charming British lad who claimed that he liked Hollywood, but that he didn't know anyone in California. Feeling that he was very lonely, two friends of mine, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Lachman, took pity on him and invited him to go home with them for dinner, since he seemingly didn't know what to do with himself.

He immediately accepted and went to their lovely Beverly Hills home, where he was wined and dined magnificently. After dinner they had coffee and brandy and sat talking until two o'clock in the morning, at which time the Lachmans were beginning to hope their guest might be on the verge of leaving. He finally did get ready to go and as he went out the door he thanked them for a wonderful dinner and evening. "Frightfully nice for you to have been so kind to a stranger," he said. "By the way, what did you say your name was?"

Speaking of the Lachmans, he is the famous director and she, his beautiful Chinese wife who looks like a lovely statue of a mandarin's daughter. When they

give a party, it is truly a feast. Tai Lachman has a special Chinese cook and three assistants come in two days before the dinner, in order to have the Oriental dishes like War-soo-gai and shrimp with lobster sauce, all prepared to exotic perfection.

With cocktails she always serves heavenly lobster egg roll, fried shrimp with a honey and mustard sauce and (my favorite) tiny chicken livers wrapped in bacon and broiled over an open fire. No wonder the gourmets among Hollywood stars roll their eyes in anticipation when they receive an invitation from Tai and Harry Lachman!

In the very young set, there has been plenty of social activity and one of the most delightful parties for youngsters was given the other afternoon by Bobby Driscoll and Luana Patten in the Disney studios as a birthday party for Mickey Mouse.

Although it's hard to believe, Mickey is twenty years young and his anniversary brought out all the children of the stars, who had a wonderful time meeting Mickey, his side-squawk, Donald Duck, Pluto and the rest of the Disney gang.

Edgar Bergen, of course, was there just to see that Charlie McCarthy and Mortimer Snerd entertained the little guests and didn't devour all the refreshments.

We caught sight of little Garry Moore, Jr., hanging on to his father's hand and looking bewildered at a balloon which had just exploded. "Daddy," the tot whimpered, "What happened to the inside when it got outside?"

One of the most charming cocktail parties of the month was the one which Otto and Susan Kruger gave for the well-known Broadway producer and radio executive, Blevins Davis. Blevins is a man of great charm and sophistication and has as many friends in Hollywood as he has in New York. In fact, he has so many that a hostess like Sue Kruger has a problem knowing just whom to invite when she is giving a party in the limited quarters of a small apartment.

This is a difficulty which many Hollywood hostesses have to face when they are entertaining a visiting celebrity and I think Mrs. Kruger handled it perfectly.

She chose those friends of Blevins whom he had known the longest and whom he hadn't seen on this particular trip. She explained to the Robert Youngs, Frank and Mrs. Morgan, Ralph and Mrs. Morgan, Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond, Edward Everett Horton and other great friends of Davis just what her predicament was and simply asked them not to bring anyone else. In that manner she was able to give all of her guests personal attention and to see to it that the guest of honor had an opportunity to visit with each of his friends. I certainly congratulate her on her frankness and the sensible way she managed to make the whole affair amusing and intimate.

In fact it was so much fun that no one, particularly Frank Morgan, wanted to leave despite Mrs. Morgan's polite remind that it was time. As he got to the door, Blevins Davis said, "That's all right, Frank, someday you'll realize that the power of veto is something held only by President Truman and your wife!"

What to Wear?

Continued from page 49

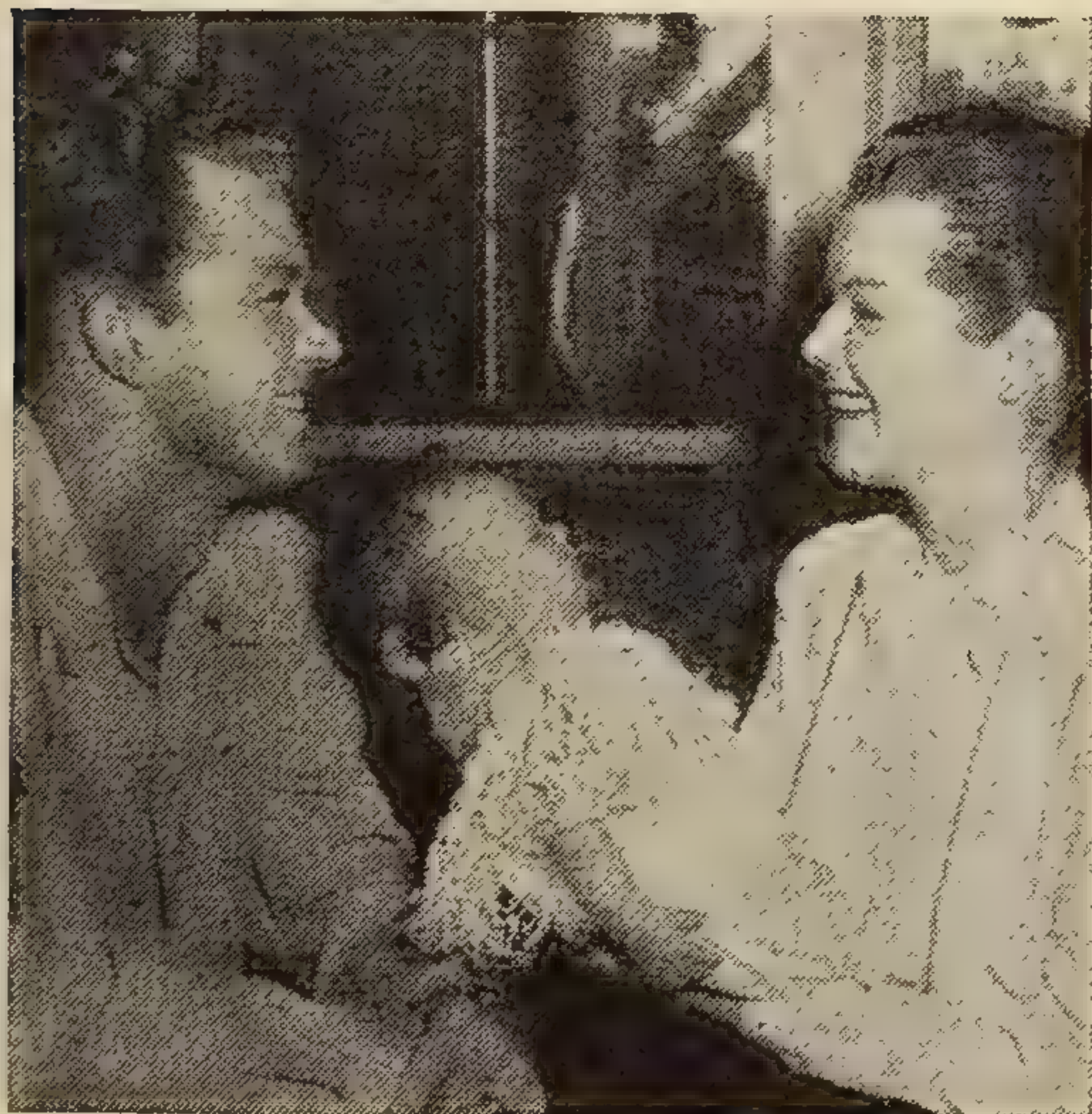
The clothes Doris Day is wearing on pages 48 and 49 were really designed for girls who are taller than average. Not that Doris is too tall, she must be about five feet five inches or five feet six, but the young lady who designed them favors tall gals. The designer's name is Peg Newton and she has a small shop at 3 East 48th Street, in New York. The clothes are practically made to order for the purchaser. For those of you outside of New York, Miss Newton can take care of you by mail. Just write to her for the details.

Besides the dresses designed by Miss Newton, the skirt which Miss Day is wearing is made by Sportgems and the blouse is a Paletta as you can see in the captions. So, if you want more info about either one just drop a line to the manufacturers whose addresses are listed below:

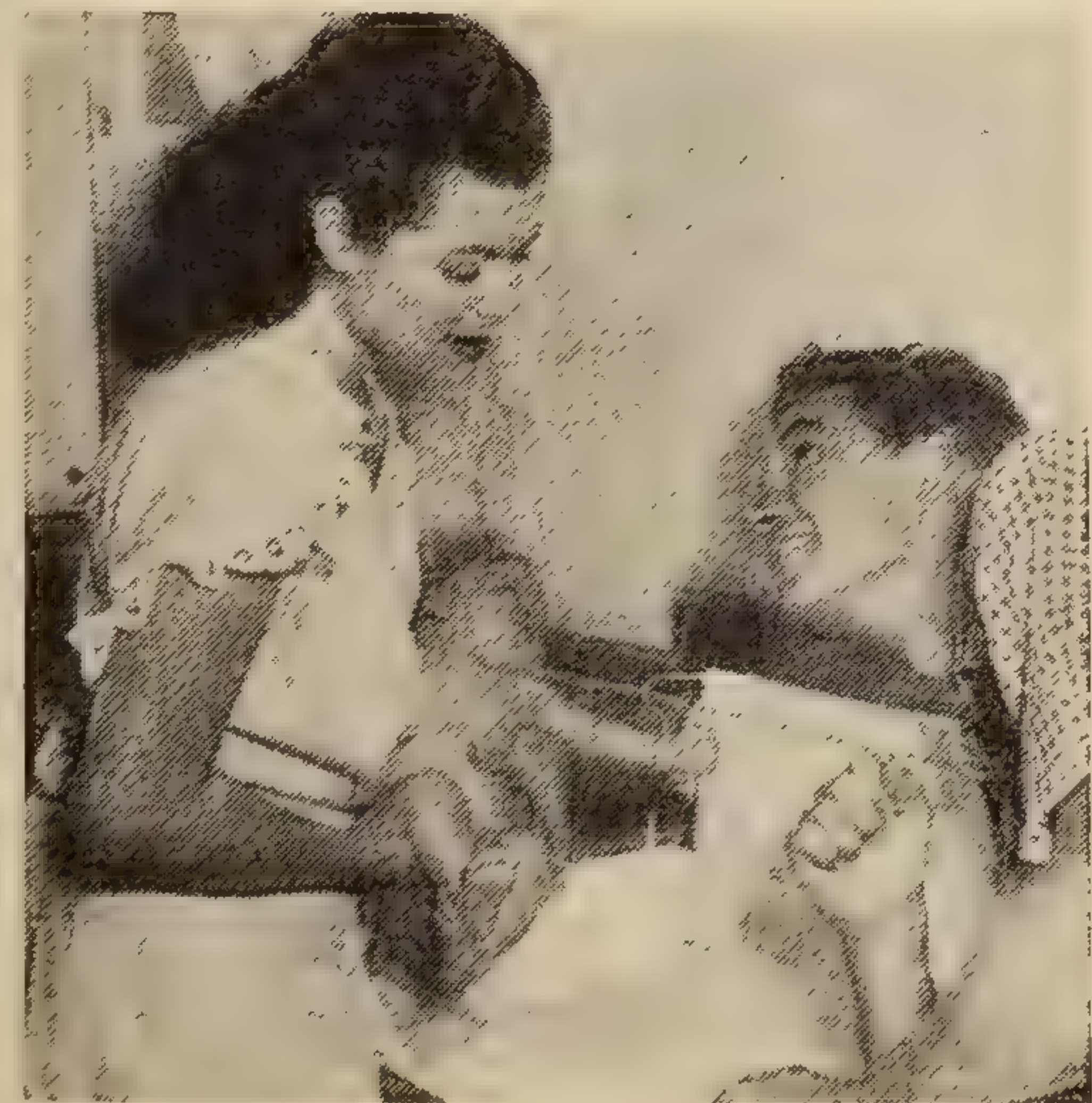
Sportgems, Inc.
142 Fifth Avenue
New York, N. Y.

Fashion Blouse Co. (Paletta)
253 W. 35th Street
New York, N. Y.

Palter Deliso (shoes)
740 Broadway
New York, N. Y.

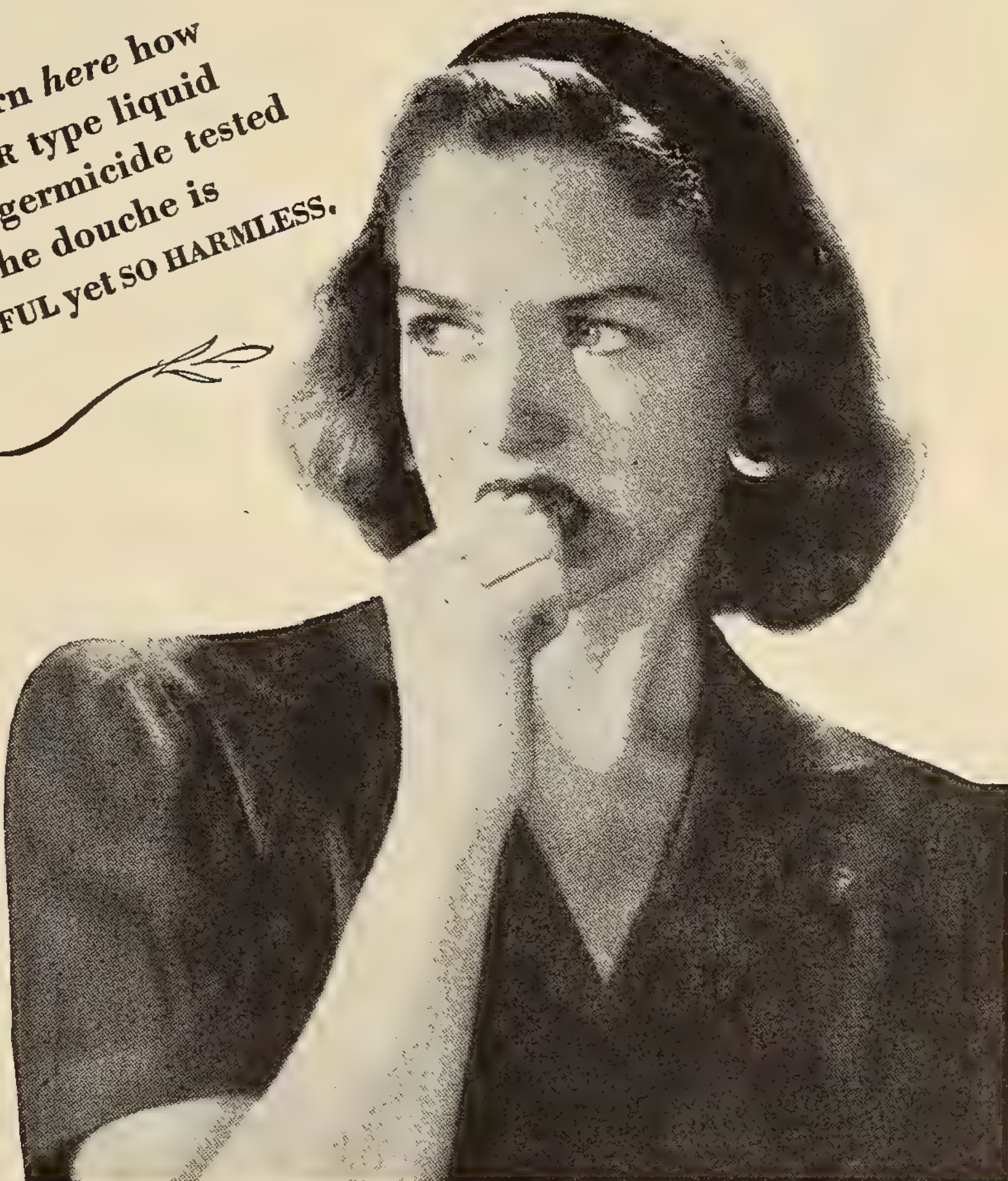


Barbara (née Hale) and Bill Williams, co-star with Barbara Willa Johanna, their first born, in this family scene. On the screen, Barbara and Bill co-star in RKO's "A Likely Story."



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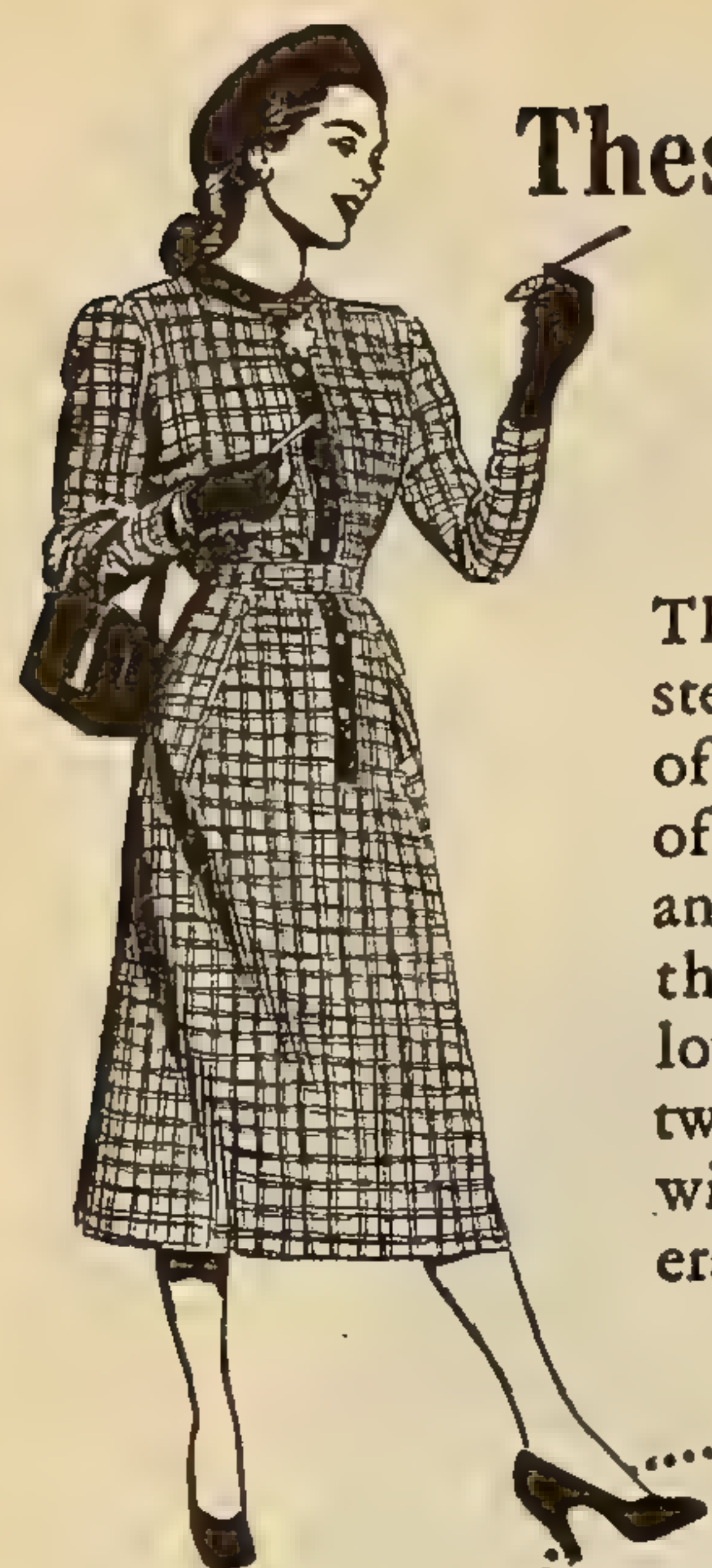
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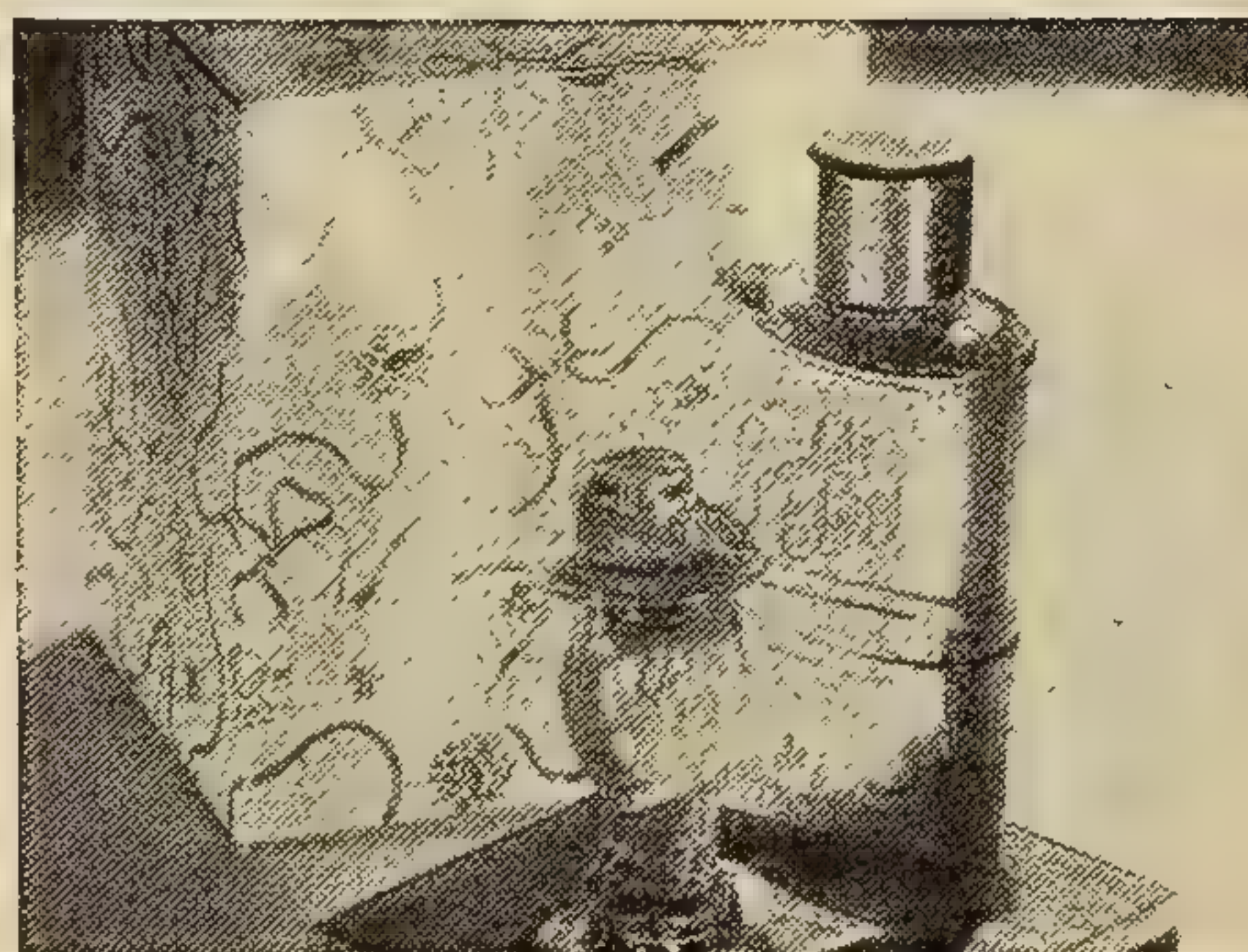


Guide To Glamor

There are many
new products
and ideas on
the cosmetic front



Wild Harvest perfume to Dorothy Lamour from Park & Tilford because she stars in pic "Wild Harvest."



Suzy Perfumes in four luxurious fragrances.



Egg Foam Shampoo is made by D. S. Alberts.



Jules Montenier Stopette Spray Deodorant.

AS YOU can see in the above photo, Park & Tilford is distributing a new perfume, Wild Harvest. From what we understand, it has gained so much popularity that the company is having trouble filling orders. Only one size for the time being—one quarter of an ounce for thirty-nine cents.

Dorothy Gray has taken over the American distribution of Suzy perfumes and products. Suzy, as you may know, is a famous name in Europe as well as in America, known for a complete line of cosmetics, as well as perfume in four fragrances. The best known is Ecarlate de Suzy, which has a tangy, pulsating fragrance. Golden Laughter, as its name, is light and airy. Madrigal is the newcomer fragrance and its scent is rich and sophisticated. Bandbox is the fourth popular perfume with its crisp, clean fragrance that is perfect for those who like subtle perfumes. Perfume prices vary from \$3.50 up.

New in the shampoo line is Egg Foam Shampoo, which is being made by the D. S. Alberts Company. Special oils have been scientifically blended to the dehydrated eggs that are used in the shampoo so that, while the hair is cleansed thoroughly, there is no loss of the natural protective oils. Lathers beautifully in all kinds of water, and yet it is the soapless type. Sells for one dollar.

The product being squeezed at the left is called Jules Montenier's Stopette Spray deodorant. The reason for the visible resiliency is that the bottle is made of a non-breakable thermo-plastic, which is also leakproof and spill-proof. The deodorant itself is excellent and one bottle is supposed to last one year. Price \$1.25.

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talked over private flying's future. And what box-office appeal that star-studded assembly presented! Besides those we've mentioned previously, other prominent people interested in "the club" are Brian Aherne, Bill Goodwin, Bob Sterling, Jimmy Stewart, Victor Fleming, Hal Roach, Jr., Ken Niles, Lee J. Cobb, John Payne, Rod Cameron, and Brian Donlevy.

Authoring articles for flying papers and magazines, Dick expounds keen views and statistics. Speaking of his cloud-club: "Maybe the people would listen to us more easily than they would to someone who is primarily associated with aviation, and would be expected to talk in favor of it."

For a flying family, meet the André de Toths. He pilots their Navion; his wife, Veronica Lake, ditto. Then there's André's mother who relishes air trips; while the children, Elaine and Michael, feel likewise. Truth is, Mr. de T. vows that since Mike's first flight the baby's been "grounded" at home, for climbing onto tabletops and the grand piano. Proud papa's conclusion: his son's a born flyer striving for altitude!

Seriously though, aviation has played a prominent part in Director de Toth's cinema career. All location sites for "Ramrod" he selected from his plane. Bandy and Ronni scouted Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona, and decided on Utah, in a single day. When the film premiered at Salt Lake, they sky-wayed up, naturally. But cruising above Denver, prior to heading home, faulty radio facilities started a slight fire. This negligible occurrence nevertheless necessitated concluding the course via train.

"Two and a half days it took!" André smilingly stated, pretending great horror. "Then the streamliner jumped the tracks!"

You wouldn't expect to find regular boots and saddle men air-inclined, but that's what they be, pardners! Gene Autry flies his Beechcraft throughout the United States, both for pleasure and while supervising several financial ventures. Not to mention Andy Devine, who is involved commercially with flight plans, weather reports, and such. Andy talks eagerly regarding Probert-Devine Aviation Corporation, which holds operating rights for the San Fernando valley town of Pacoima's Whiteman Air Park. Together with his partner, Andy has been running the school two years, featuring sight-seeing, plus cross-country soaring, augmented by training hundreds of ex-G.I.s who wish to win wings. That keeps Devine's nine instructors busy. (If you want to sigh, girls, Rory Calhoun is a current civilian student.) Yet it isn't all work for Mr. D.

"My two boys, eight and twelve, are already model plane builders," Andy assured me happily. "They fly with me, too."

No wonder the guy is glad his young-uns are thrilled by ships. Flying since 1927; now having access to twenty-one planes, (they use both light trainers and larger luxury types) certainly he goes for frequent hops; mostly piloting a Canadian-built Cornell. Blazing bright new trails, besides, for Probert-Devine recently transported a Republic studio troupe to and from their Arizona location, doing

in half a day what would have required two via land; also sending the daily rushes back by air for studio O.K. Say now, if our best cowboys continue skimming through the skies, we'll have to be mighty sharp in order to point them out and proclaim: "They went thata way."

MGM's Director Clarence Brown has a personal flying field adjoining his secluded ranch abode, thus commuting to the Culver City Airport, from which Metro is only a moment's drive. This spares Brown what every sky devotee regards as the "horrible anxiety" of traffic congested automobile travel—an ardent airman's curse.

Then when he arrives on his home lot, there are two other Leo the Lion favorites with whom to talk aviation. Robert Taylor flew even before his war service as a Naval Air Cadet Instructor. Naturally, now he's counting on civilian capers in a twin-motored craft that's brand new and awaitin'.

But it's Wallace Berry who should be consulted for any aviation advice. This grand veteran of the silver screen is, definitely, a tried and true flyer. For thirty years the airways have been his chosen kingdom, leaving practically no corner of America unexplored.

Still that cocky young man, Charlie McCarthy, looks up to no one in matters aeronautical, especially not to Edgar Bergen, even though Edgar is a practiced pilot, constantly sallying forth with family and friends in either his twin-engined Beechcraft or Navy Cessna. "You haven't enough experience to fly

my ships," Bergen repeatedly lectures Master McCarthy.

Yet recently Charlie had the last laugh. Owner of Montebello Airport, Edgar expended the tidy sum of four thousand dollars for re-surfacing runways. Came that inspired moment for his first proud landing on the glistening new pavements. He banked expertly, and glided down smoothly—only to settle squarely in the middle of a vast expanse of sloshy mud near the hangars—completely eluding his expensive runways! With that mischief-maker McCarthy in the know, Bergen expects to be blackmailed momentarily. So if Charlie's famed seventy-five cent allowance is mysteriously increased, that's it, brother; that's it!

It's Robert Cummings who can sport Charles Robert Orville Cummings as his impressive moniker. Now naturally, the Orville is in honor of that illustrious pioneer, Orville Wright. Therefore, little wonder that Bob started soaring over ten years ago. As Mr. C.'s initial passenger was his mother, that makes the Cummings' a very cloud-concentrating clan, indeed; for now Bob's wife Mary and two-year-old-son Robert Richard delight in transcontinental trips.

The Civil Aeronautics Authority have issued about every rating obtainable to non-airline flyers in the name of Mr. Cummings. And he's one boy that uses them! Supervising a charter service prior to the war, he became active as a ferry pilot for our Air Transport Command when hostilities began. Later his duty was varied, making him also an instructor of Army Air Cadets.

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Director Henry King started it all; "it" being Tyrone Power's all-consuming interest in aviation. King has been flying since World War I, more recently scouting locations for directorial duties via his sturdy Waco. In 1939, it was the shoot-'em-up epic, "Jesse James." Mr. K. flew the star of this production, Power, to their Missouri filming site. That did it; Tyrone became cloud-conscious. On returning to flickerville, the handsome Ty took up piloting with a vengeance while he and King proved regular flying pals. Then—World War II, with Mr. K. a director of Civilian Air Patrol activities, winging his security squadrons as far as Texas and the lower Gulf regions. Power said nothing about war service. He acted, entering as a private in the Marine Corps during 1942. Yet it wasn't enough that, promoted to first Lieutenant, he flew rugged runs throughout the Pacific as an Air Transport pilot. No, siree! When 1946 saw Tyrone leave active service, he took off on an air tour of Latin America, having completed his first post-war picture, "The Razor's Edge." Cesar Romero went along, and together with a co-pilot they sent 20th's twin-engined Beechcraft soaring over gorgeous terrain for two months. But you've read about their good will flight. Although one item may have slipped by unheralded.

"Navigation difficulties," Ty will explain, with a sad and knowing shake of his head. "While in Buenos Aires we attended a formal dinner party."

"Have you ever seen an Estancia?" inquired Ty's beaming dinner partner.

Tyrone assured the kind gentleman that to visit a Latin American ranch had never been his good fortune.

"You must come! You must come!" came the enthusiastic decision. "This is the second largest ranch in the world. Surely, you must come!"

Now Ty, sincerely intrigued, asked, "Can you give me aerial directions?"

"Of course! Of course!" the South American readily replied. "You fly to Paraguay, then—turn right."

Now Paraguay is a country, and upon cruising over same, to turn right might get any flyer into a heck-of-a-lot-of-hot-spots. Further questioning tactfully brought about the anxious host's drawing of a crude map, hence Tyrone finally arrived to marvel at the scenic splendor.

Still, it was while shooting "Captain from Castile" that King and Ty really gave aviation a work out. First of all, Mr. King selected different locations in Mexico from his Waco. When the time came for cameras to roll, he flew the Beech down to their Morelia site, two hundred and thirty miles north-west of Mexico City. Power followed in his private BT-13.

"Before hitting Morelia," Tyrone smilingly states, "I picked a small Mexican town to stay in over night. Prior to landing, I buzzed the place. That, at first appraisal, promised to be a comic mistake; for all eighteen taxi cabs the community possessed tore frantically out to the airport, hoping they each might snare the potential passenger. On second consideration, though, they came in handy—to shoo the cows off their field so I could land!"

But both King and Ty vow they couldn't have completed "Captain from Castile" sans ships to aid them. For you see, in addition to Morelia, sets were also erected at Uruapan and Acapulco. Therefore, when the company took Sundays off, their astute director could fly on to inspect future locations, a trip impossibly lengthy by road. Not only that, but twice a week finished film was flown from shooting sites to Mexico City, whence airliners sent it speeding to Hollywood. The completed rushes were then returned—again via air—to Mexico City, where Mr. K. and Power flew to give them the old once-over. As Power sagely says: "'Captain from Castile' is the story of Cortez conquering Mexico decades ago. But what we want to know is, how in the devil did anyone do it on a horse?"

Fred Robbins Right Off the Record

Continued from page 27

"Quick, George, the bottle!" S'not a bad deal, though. All Dinah has to do is play her own cookies for the little rascal. And incident, there's some butterscotch from the airy canary 'specially for little ears, called "Bongo," from Walt Disney's "Fun and Fancy Free," three ten-inch wafers—and what a break this is for baby sitters—Dinah tells the story of *Bongo*, a bear, how he escapes from his cage, and his adventures in the woods. Delightful, and perf for the kid broth or sist, or even your own son or daught. (Columbia)

JOE MOONEY QUARTET: Comfy and swoony with Mr. Mooney. The kid with the squeeze box, Joseph, flipping his lips (doing the local) and roamin' the spaces wide on "Lazy Countryside." Flip spots the four on the floor on "Stars in My Eyes." (Decca)

DESI ARNAZ: "Un Poquito De Amor," "I Love to Dance," "Made for Each Other," "El Cumbanchero." Here's Lucille's boy's freshest *enchiladas*. And

aussi where your sacroiliac gets a workout, there being enough sensuous tropical beat to make you shimmy like my sister Kate. First two are from the MGM pix, "This Time for Keeps," and Desi throws that Latin head back on sides one, three and four. *Agua, agua!* (Victor)

PERRY COMO: The kid from Cannonburg, Pa., sharpens that razor—I mean that larynx—for some exercise on "Two Loves Have I" and "I Never Loved Anyone." First was a smasheroo in France way back in 1931 and here's where the Eagle's Nest (U.S.) follows suit. Tony Martin made the rear face famous and Perry does it no harm at all. How relaxed can you sing! So nice and lazy and sorta bucolic. (Victor)

VAUGHN MONROE: The kid with muscles on his tonsils sounds stiff as starch, but if you like your ears starched instead of buttered, well—solid! His barigroan is a mess of new pancakes, "Stars Will Remember," *Ballerina*,

"My How the Time Goes By," from the RKO picture, "If You Knew Suzy," and "I'm Still Sitting Under the Apple Tree." Vaughnie boy also dives into an old Italian folk song, "Nina Ana," and on the back does some Hawaiian singing and swaying with "Mahama Papa Do." Also tries "Love for Love" from "Escape Me Never" and "Baby Be Good" on the other cheek. The Moonmaids are on most of these but they oughta sing louder 'cause you can still hear Vaughny. Nice for stroppin' your insteps though. (Victor)

MEL TORME: MGM's curly-haired rascal with the gauze in his jaws, "The Velvet Fog," slips you two more pieces of caramel, "Ballerina" and "What Are You Doing New Year's Eve." Wasn't he great in "Good News?" His option was given a swift lift, you know, which means you'll be glimmering lots of more of the blond boy. And dig that interpretation on this waffle! How different and refreshing from all the mediocre versions of same. Like waking up in a beam of sunlight! (Musicraft)

DORIS DAY: "Sparkle Plenty" herself! My gal, Dodo, the girl Mike Curtiz has been blowing his royal wig about and whom by now you have ogled in "Romance on the High Seas" with Jack Carson. Here she subjects you to delicious torture on "Papa, Won't You Dance With Me," a polka from "High Button Shoes" and a dreamy and creamy ballad, "Say Something Nice About Me" on the back. What a chick this Dodo is. Sweet as spring rain or even $C_{12}H_{22}O_{11}$ (sugar). Can't help being as great a star as everyone swears she will! (Columbia)

KAY KYSER: "Pass That Peace Pipe" and "Serenade of the Bells." A fresh geyser by Mr. Kyser and one the UN could well play for General Aseembly so they could follow in the footsteps of the Chickasaws, Choctaws, Chatahoochees, and Chippewas and bury that hatchet. This is the big production number from "Good News" and s'as timely as St. Valentine's Day and *cacchetori*. Gloria Wood and the Campus Kids come out of the teepee for the peace negotiations, and on the flip Harry Babbit moves in with *tres pianissimo* "Serenade of the Bells." The ole Professor also does an end run and comes up with a fresh album of the most popular college songs from the Army, Navy, Notre Dame, Wisconsin, Yale, University of Southern California and Washington campuses. It's called "Campus Favorites," and even if you're stashed in some other slave pad coppin' your schoolin' you'll still give this a good work-out on the turntable, Mable. (Columbia)

ART LUND: "As Sweet As You Are," "It's a Lonesome Old Town." Over 6-feet of hombre and the same adenoids you fell for on "Mam'selle" baking a fresh waffle that your hearing flap can go for without fear of demeaning itself. If only the guy didn't sound so rigid *tout le temps* he'd be *mieux*. (MGM)

DUKE ELLINGTON: "The Wildest Gal in Town," "Put Yourself in My Place, Baby." Royalty on the grooves! Edward Kennedy Ellington's premiere waxing for Columbia, under his new contract, that is. And the great man of American music bows in with a brace of

pop tunes spotting the bronchial tubes of Dolores Parker on the story of *Susie Brown*, the wildest gal in town, who turns out to be a typical housewife and mother. Kay Davis throws her lovely head back on the reverse on a tune by Frankie Laine and Hoagy Carmichael, and she caresses your ear as lightly as a snow flurry. Here's the way pop stuff should be played. (Columbia)

ARTIE WAYNE: "The Heartbeat Song," "One Little Tear Is An Ocean." Hey, you can hear Rita Hayworth's ticker beating on this one, and I'm not woofin'. Very tricky goings-on here. While Dr. Artie Wayne gives his diagnosis on the functions of the left auricle and ventricle, he illustrates with Rita's soft beat in the background and I can't think of a better heart to listen to, can you? Artie flows forth with an original on the other cheek. Nice plumbing this Wayne guy owns. He'll be pouring thru oodles of eardrums ere long. (Majestic)

LOUIS PRIMA: Mr. Prima on the beama playing pretty for the people with some notes that are zany, Janie. There's "With a Hey, and a Hi, and a Ho, Ho, Ho," one of those bubbly, good cheer deals, with L.P. layin' down some scattin' on the nether side, "My Flame Went Out Last Night." And he's not talkin' about his cigarette lighter, either. (Victor)

DOROTHY SHAY (THE PARK AVENUE HILLBILLY) GOES TO TOWN: *Voici* the chick who's had the whole 48 "Feudin' and Fightin'" over her waffles in a whole fresh albumful of delectable ditties. "Just a Friendly Feeling," "Mountain Lullaby," "He's the One," "The Style to Which I'm Accustomed," "With a Little Indiscretion on the Side," "It's the Little Things That Count," "Agnes Clung" and "The Drainpipe Song." Scads of laffs all the way thru these personable grooves. 'Ray for Shay! (Columbia C 155)

HOT!!!

BENNY GOODMAN AND HIS ORCHESTRA: Let's dance! It's about time. All those scarce etchings by Rachel's daddy have been lost for too long. Victor takes eight giant steps in the right direction by reissuing that amount of several barrelsful of Goodman goodies. There's "King Porter Stomp," "Madhouse," "Roll 'Em," "I've Found a New Baby," "Sometimes I'm Happy," "Changes," "Afraid to Dream" and "Goodbye." These are the cream of the B.G. era from 1935 to 1937 and the payoff is they're as fresh as when first baked. And look at the guys who were part of 'em—Harry James, Jess Stacy, Bunny Berrigan, Gene Krupa! But don't stop now, Victor! There's a whole catalogueful still to come! (Victor P 188)

CHU BERRY: "Chuberry Jam," "Maelstrom." One of the greatest tenor sax men of all time, Chu Berry died just a few years ago. How untimely a passing! 'Cause the guy's stature has risen since then and his rank as an all-time giant on his instrument is well recognized. Chu comes on like Lana Turner on this re-issue which was cut in 1937 by some of the cats in the Cab Calloway band. And I defy you to say they weren't done in

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1947, so ahead of his time was Leon Berry. (Columbia)

LOUIS ARMSTRONG: "Some Day," "Fifty Fifty Blues." Pardon me while I do a long, low bow! 'Cause this is royalty, Jack, and if you think I'm woofin' you should see what Louis did when he played a concert for me recently at Carnegie Hall (Fred Robbins' One Night Stand). From far and near they came to hear the truth! And Louis told 'em, but def! "Some Day" is an Armstrong, a sweet haunting ballad, with a double dose of Pops' tonsils and trumpet. Jack Teagarden joins Satch on the back for an inspired horn and 'bone ride backed by a small group filling the grooves with notes you collectors'll be needling time after time. Illustrious wax, Max! (Victor)

JOHNNY HODGES: "Flower Is a Lovesome Thing" and "Longhorn Blues." M.m.m.—that mellifluous pipe of John Cornelius Hodges. Better than chicken fried in bacon grease! Notes are by Billy Strayhorn, who's on piano, with Lawrence Brown on trombone; Al Sears, tenor; Taft Jordan, trumpet; Oscar Pettiford, bass; and Wilbur DeParis on drums. You can almost see the flower unfold and if they don't put words to this, they're off their rocker. Turnover is a jump blues that leaps lightly and politely and makes your ear perk up and say howdy! Shame the surface is so scratchy! (Sunrise)

CHARLIE BARNETT: Wow! What a sound this gang gets! The Mad Mob rocks deliriously in "East Side, West Side," with Bunny Briggs doing a be-bop vocal and the band aiding and abetting vocally behind him. And this jumps just like the island it's about, too, all the way from 1st Avenue to the Hudson River! Barnett's really setting a high standard these days, one for other orks to shoot at. And the flip'll make you do just that. There's Jean Louise pouring gasoline on her sweetheart and lighting a match, "My Old Flame," but it burns wonderfully. (Appolo)

FROM THE MAN IN GRAY

Why don't you get under the nearest snowbank with that new pen that writes under water and knock me a hunk of linen?—We will answer everything from artichokes to zweiback about bands, vocalists, and the waffles they bake. So come on, keep the men in gray busy. Do I have to hit you on the head with my bean bag to make you knock me a *billet doux*? Let's communicate, gate. Here's a good rascal who believes in dipping that pen in the liquid blue:

Dear Fred: Can you give me some information on the "Duel in the Sun" album? Ever since seeing the picture I have been trying to get it and have had no luck.

Sincerely,
Dorothy Williams,
Morristown, Tenn.

Dear Dottie: That album is available in any record shop. It is conducted by Arthur Fiedler and the Boston Pops Orchestra, composed by Dmitri Tiomkin.
Recordially, F. R.

Dear Fred: Enjoy your articles in SCREENLAND every month. Have been looking for "Racing with the Moon" by Vaughn Monroe, and can only find it in an album. Are separate copies available?

Sincerely,
Velma Onasto,
North Hartford, Mass.

Dear Velma: Originally that was a single record by Vaughnie, but it has since been reissued by Victor in one of their albums. I am sure there are separate copies of it if you ask around the various wax works.
Recordially, F. R.

Dear Fred: Please give me the dope on Vic Damone. Love that man! I am one of Vic's victims.

Sincerely,
Elaine Bulgrim,
Eau Claire, Wis.

Dear Elaine: Vic's a very sweet young guy about 20 years old and thrilled to death about his success. He records for Mercury records and is heard on the "Saturday Night Serenade." No, he is not married—says he has other things to worry about. Nice windpipe, huh?

Recordially, F. R.

Dear Mr. Robbins: Mr. Robbins, I have a problem. My favorite chanson is "St. Louis Blues." *Je l'aime tres beaucoup*. I desire to collect records of this chanson, *mais* I have only been able to buy *trois*. I have one Kostelanetz, Adler, and Pere Hines. *Voila*, I turn to you for assistance. Would you send me a list of performers who have recorded "St. Louis Blues?"
Merci!

Sincerely,
Katherine State,
Cortland, N. Y.

Dear Kathy: Oh, there are oodles of cookies of "St. Louis Blues." You will find them by Dinah, Bing, Duke Ellington, Sidney Bechet on Blue Note, Louis Armstrong, Louis Prima, Maurice Rocco and oodles more. Just ask the man in the jive dive to show you his catalog and you will be as blue as you can be.

Recordially, F. R.

Dear Fred: I don't want to know how old Jean Sablon is or whether he is married, but, tell me, isn't he recording anything new?

Sincerely,
Dot Retus, Paris, Arkansas

Dear Dot: He sure is. He is recording for Victor, and here are his latest waxings: "Roses in the Rain," "Vous Qui Passez Sans Me Voir," "I Wonder Who's Kissing her Now," and "Insensiblement."
Sincerely, F. R.

That's all for a while, chile, gotta pack up my shellac and hit the track till the month that comes in like a lion. Why don't you scribble me a nibble? Address Fred Robbins, SCREENLAND Magazine, 37 West 57th Street, New York 19, New York.

Meet the Man with the Velvet Voice

Continued from page 42

don't think is good for you personally."

The combination of lawyer and actor is not only unusual but, in the beginning when the lawyer started acting, he found that it paid off financially. In 1930, he was persuaded by a girl he knew to play a romantic part in an amateur production of "Milestones." "I did it as a lark more than anything else," he said. "Then afterward, strangely enough, people who'd seen the play brought me legal business. I couldn't understand it—except perhaps that the ones who found me impressive on the stage, figured I might be reasonably impressive in court!"

One play led to another and law case followed law case until Leo was blessed with two reasonably flourishing careers. In 1934 there was a season at the famous Old Vic. Later there was a full season with Maurice Evans when he played *Brutus* in "Julius Caesar," with the triumph of a Command Performance for the Duke and Duchess of York, now King and Queen of England.

Later there was another Command Performance of "Hamlet" at Elsinore for the King and Queen of Denmark with Laurence Olivier and Vivien Leigh. The third Command came in June, 1937, when he announced the King for the Coronation Speech.

"That time I was really frightened," Genn confessed. "Though I'm always a little nervous before a screen or stage appearance, I'm always quite calm before going on the radio. Except that one time! Imagine muffing the introduction of our King with the whole world listening in!"

At first Genn's manner of speaking almost made him a disembodied actor as far as his career in pictures was concerned. He was chosen for the Coronation announcement because in England he is supposed to have the kind of British accent that appeals to Americans. Later, during the War, he did the commentary on "Desert Victory," the first war picture made for American release, and later he worked with Frank Capra on "Tunisian Victory," the story of the joint Allied Campaign in Africa. After the war, he announced the opening of the United Nations Conference and, just lately, the anniversary of that opening.

Genn started his first picture at nine in the morning of New Year's Day, 1937. He'd seen the Old Year out with appropriate celebration that ended at 4:30 A.M. and it was just as well he hadn't been engaged as an actor. He was only to write the legal scenes and act as technical advisor for "When Thief Meets Thief" for Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. "But after working on the scenes and sitting in on story conferences," Genn continued, "Douglas and the director suggested I play them myself. So I had the honor of writing my own first screen dialogue!"

Later there were more lawyers, in "Cavalier of the Street" and "The Rat," with Ruth Chatterton. Then he played a Turk in a fez in a Korda production, followed by a picture at Denham with a dressing-room next to Robert Taylor, who was making "A Yank At Oxford."

"But all this prosperity was immediately followed by the Grand Slump," Leo added ruefully. "There were no pictures at all for several months. Not any. So I went back to radio to become The Disembodied Voice again."

He was rehearsing for "This Happy Breed" with Noel Coward when Hitler marched into Poland on September 1, 1939. On the third of September, Genn joined the Officers' Emergency Reserves and went into service in June of 1940 as a Second Lieutenant in the Royal Artillery. In October, 1943, he became a Lieutenant Colonel, Officers' Training Unit Gunnery.

Leo Genn is six feet, one inch tall, dark and handsome. The black velvet voice is matched by black velvet hair and eyes. He was born in London on August 9, 1905, and is the son of William Genn, merchant. He was educated at City of London School, read law at Cambridge and became barrister-at-law at Middle Temple, London.

He has been married fourteen years to a tall blonde girl with green eyes whom he met again in the Ealing Studio casting office fourteen years after they had first met as children. The then Margaret Bonnar and the future Mrs. Genn did a wartime job as talent director for the Ealing Studio, and it wasn't difficult to renew old friendship. She had been connected with the theater, directly and indirectly, for a long time, first as secretary to a law firm and later as secretary to Nancy Price, producer and actress in the London theater.

"My wife prefers to be active in some capacity connected with the theater," Genn said proudly. "She does a terrific job of everything she undertakes and she writes me from her holiday in England that they want her to come back to Ealing as talent director again. But she will sail for New York as soon as she can get through all the Government red-tape. There's a restriction now, you know, against taking any money out of England. But that won't matter, because there'll be money waiting for her when she arrives on this side."

The Genns came to New York last year for "Another Part of the Forest" without actually knowing what the play or the part or the arrangements were. All they did know was the guarantee of four weeks' salary and round-trip passage money and expenses.

"Lillian Hellman had seen me as *The Constable* in Larry Olivier's 'Henry V,'" Genn explained, "so she called me by transatlantic wire to tell me about her new play. But the connection was very bad—sun-spotty—and I couldn't understand what the part was or what the play was about. But I did hear the four-weeks' guarantee and the round-trip, so I thought, 'What have I got to lose?'"

But after he had read the fine part of the Southerner in Miss Hellman's play, Genn knew he was in luck. He played in "Another Part of the Forest" for four and a half months until RKO offered \$12,500 for his release to play *Brant*, a

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New Englander, in "Mourning Becomes Electra." The Genns were about to board ship for England after the finish of that picture when 20th Century-Fox called him for the rôle of *Doctor M. R. Kensdelaerik*, a Dutchman known as *Doctor Kik* for short, in "The Snake Pit."

"And did you use a Southern, a New England and a Dutch accent for these parts?" asked your interviewer.

"Oh, no!" replied the Englishman in some astonishment at the question. But he's actually, at long last, a British United Nations' representative in "The Velvet Touch" next, so there won't be any thought of accent in that one.

The Genns' house in London was completely bombed-out in the Blitz of 1940. Not a stick of furniture, a picture, a book, an article of clothing remained. Every possession was obliterated in one terrible blast. "Luckily there was no one in the house. My wife, most fortunately, was with me in the South of England," he said quietly. "I'd a leg infection and been given leave by the Army. She'd come down to be with me at the hospital. Otherwise—"

After the war, the Army—"like an elephant, it never forgets"—remembered he'd been a lawyer in civilian life. So he was posted at SHAEF Special Inquiries Branch to do War Crimes Investigation work as Chief Investigator and assistant prosecutor for the Belsen Concentration Camp war crimes. After the evidence he heard there, he is still amazed that people in general don't grasp the enormity of German atrocity. "Why, the very day I came back to England to deliver a special report, I met a friend who scoffed at the stories out of Belsen!" Genn said indignantly. "He believed they were all propaganda—none of them true. But I knew they were all true—because I'd just been there!"

The strain of the trials and the years of war have tired Leo Genn to the point of exhaustion. To a question about what he does when he's not at the studio, he replied simply, "I sleep."

Then he adds that if he can rouse himself enough, he plays a little golf. Or he reads. "Anything. Everything. And," he supplements with significance, "I'm trying to build up a library again to replace the one I lost—thanks to Mr. Hitler."

This weariness—more of soul than of

body, perhaps—will pass and he will take up the tennis he played at Cambridge as Captain of the team. Swimming and horseback-riding were favorite sports.

He's always buying little gifts for his wife—lingerie, a blouse, a pair of gloves—and he knows the correct sizes to ask for. When he was in Germany, Holland, and Belgium after the war, he sent her exquisite silks from the shops the Germans had kept going for their luxury trade. She, in turn, chooses all his shirts, ties and suits with impeccable good taste that pleases him mightily. And to please her on her return from England, he's lost fourteen pounds in six weeks by the simple expedient of taking only one high-ball a day.

He likes what he calls "lemon-squash" but which we know as lemonade without ice or sugar. However, he finds that getting it in a studio commissary is something of an adventure. "That's one thing I've noticed about public eating-places in the United States," he sighed. "The simplest deviation from the established routine, anything that varies in the least from the printed menu, for instance, throws everything into confusion. As so quotable Oscar Wilde said, 'Americans and the English have everything in common except language.'"

A sensible man, Genn has only one superstition: he believes it unlucky to quote Macbeth. "I've seen so many strange disasters, sudden deaths, even suicides, follow close upon the chance speaking of lines from the play that I can't help but believe they're unlucky."

And a strange occurrence—call it coincidence, if you will—makes him wonder about thought-transference. An idle remark on "The Snake Pit" set the other day brought to mind the name of a Cambridge classmate he hadn't heard of or from for eighteen years. Actually he didn't know whether the man was alive or dead, whether he lived in America, England or China. "An hour later a messenger came on the set and handed me a telegram," Genn related. "It was from my friend. He'd read an item in the paper about my being here. But why did I think about him consciously just then for the first time in all those years?"

Possibly it is this sensitive quality to see beneath the surface that gives Leo Genn his deep appeal.

The Larry Parks Problem

Continued from page 21

such popular card games as gin rummy.

Naturally there are two sides to the question. Taking a neutral corner, this writer talked with studio representatives and Larry—at different times, of course—to get their widely separated points of view. Without getting too legal or "trade-y" (a Hollywood term meaning inside stuff that no one outside the industry would understand) the case of Parks vs. Columbia boils down to this:

Columbia signed the then unknown actor in 1941 to a seven-year contract calling for \$75 per week. He appeared in some 34 "B" pictures. Then, a year before "The Jolson Story" was made, Larry

came up for the lead in "A Song to Remember." At that time he was offered a new contract calling for him to play in "A" pictures and a salary of \$750 per week if he was chosen for the part.

As is well-known, Cornel Wilde was signed for the rôle. Larry continued on, in supporting rôles, at his old salary under his old contract. Then came the "Jolson" opportunity. The studio called Larry in again. The entire high-budget production would be a gamble on the part of the studio. If an unknown player like Larry were to be cast in it, the rôle would be likely to make him a star overnight.

The studio did not feel it could take this risk, and at the same time create a personality which would have great boxoffice value, without having some assurance that he would remain with them for an extended period of time, that they would be able to cash in on the fruits of their gamble if the picture clicked. Parks, according to the studio, was agreeable to the same arrangement which had been made on "A Song to Remember" and production plans got under way.

If the picture had failed, studio heads contend, Parks would have lost nothing. He would have continued on at Columbia, but at the increased salary his new contract called for. But if it succeeded, they wished to be assured of Parks' services in Columbia pictures for a continued length of time, in return for the gamble they were taking. There was one other hitch before production got rolling, according to the studio. Just before production Parks demurred further, and a further salary adjustment was made. Then the show went on.

After that picture was made Larry was co-starred with Rita Hayworth in "Down to Earth." Reasoning that his Jolson rôle was an imitation, Columbia didn't think Larry was ready to go on his own and they gave him, screen-wise, the best they had to offer, leading lady Rita Hayworth, which was nice company to be in. Following that, they cast him in "The Swordsman," a swashbuckling rôle which put him more on his own. Both pictures were intended by the studio to build Larry up. Their position was that three Technicolor pictures in a row wouldn't hurt him, either—since Technicolor always rates a top budget. In doing this, the studio hoped to build up the Parks personality and show him as an actor who could stand on his own feet, show that he was not just a clever boy who had done a terrific imitation of Al Jolson. This program of theirs is known as "studio policy," which means long-range plans made by top executives regarding the future of their stars. They have faith in Larry.

They contend that Parks' boxoffice draw will be firmly established, following the run and success which was assured for "Down to Earth" based on its current performances in the nation's theaters, and on what they are confident will be accorded "The Swordsman."

The studio feels, furthermore, that if Parks had any complaint about either his treatment or his situation, he should not have waited for two years to express it. They feel they are right in insisting that his services are exclusively theirs for the duration of the agreement. They feel *they* are right.

Larry, on the other hand disagrees. He contends he should never have done the singing in "Down to Earth," not after Jolson's voice had seemingly emanated from his own larynx. He felt the contrast of his own untrained voice would shock and confuse audiences. Nor did he share the opinion of his studio that "The Swordsman" was up his alley. To him, it was a dead-end street. Basically and temperamentally, Larry is a comedian. There are other points involving his

contract which are much too complicated to go into, except by the attorneys and judges who are the ones to decide the issue. Larry feels *he* is right.

Ruling out the possibility of a compromise, although rumor has it that he may shortly be cast in one of Columbia's top-budget productions, and it could well be that he would again be before the cameras as this article appears in print.

Obviously neither side is happy, nor is it fair to blame either without knowing every detail. To be realistic, neither is specifically to blame.

These are the points which have kept Hollywood agog, just as it was about the legal fracas of the past involving Bette Davis, Olivia deHavilland, and Joan Leslie over their contracts with Warner Bros.

First, the unusual circumstances of the case. Who could quickly dig up another picture with the entertainment values of "The Jolson Story"? It had everything—a personable, engaging new star in Larry; an American success story; familiar and well-loved songs; and the inimitable voice of Al Jolson on the sound track, beautifully synchronized to Larry's delivery of the Jolson mannerisms.

The job was so well done that people who saw the picture but had never seen Jolson didn't understand that the man on the screen was Larry Parks. Larry became almost inseparable from Jolson in the eyes of the public and in a sense lost his own identity. This, the Parks personality, must be re-established before the theater-going public will see him as an individual. It's also a case of re-educating himself so that he will not forget the stylized talent he displayed as Jolson and not unconsciously use tricks that rôle called for.

Another point that intrigued Hollywood—Larry's fantastic popularity with the public and the picture itself, which captured the affection of millions of audiences. Larry, almost overnight, became the biggest draw among the new stars, was named King of the Bobby-Soxers, got fan mail by the ton, caused magazine editors to be deluged with requests for stories and pictures of Larry. No one, not even those closest to the picture, ever dreamed any of this would happen. It came too fast.

Larry realizes this is the most crucial point in his career and is taking a big gamble with his eyes open. Columbia is holding fast to its policy, unwilling to give up its stake in the Parks success.

What does each side stand to lose? If it's Columbia, they will have lost one of the most popular young stars from their roster and a whole year of his time when they could have capitalized on the peak of his popularity.

If Larry loses it means his battle for independence has been in vain, that his determination to have more to say about his career will have to be postponed until his new contract expires. During that time he'll have to accept the assignments they will give him or take a suspension.

Actually each side stands to lose or win a great deal. The villain in the piece is neither the studio nor Larry, but circumstance. Circumstance, which placed Larry deservedly in the limelight. Circumstance, which prevented the studio

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One of the most interesting sidelights on the battle, perpetrated by the astonishing popularity of "The Jolson Story," is the fact that while Columbia and Larry Parks have suffered, a whole new career has opened up for Al Jolson. He was, of course, one of the biggest stars of the early talking picture era—in fact, made the first talking picture "The Jazz Singer." He made his last appearance in a picture in 1939 and then faded into complete professional obscurity. The success of "The Jolson Story" has opened up another career for him in radio and stage work, which has netted him a tidy \$50,000, besides handing over to him a sum rumored to be between one and three million dollars as his share of the profits from the dramatization of his life. Mr. Jolson is in the unique position of having his biography dramatized while he is still able to enjoy the results.

Another unusual situation is the parallel between the careers of Larry and his wife, Betty Garrett. Both achieved fame and success at about the same time. Betty was playing in the New York musical hit, "Call Me Mister," before she was signed for pictures by MGM.

Fresh from her notable New York success she came to Hollywood and, like her good-looking husband, sat. For months nothing came of her contract.

Oddly enough, although both Larry and Betty suffered frustration or their careers, this period of their lives was one of the happiest, notwithstanding. Because it was the first time they'd been together for more than a few weeks at a time in almost four years of marriage.

Before Betty's talents were fully appreciated, via "Call Me Mister," she had been very successful as a night club entertainer in Hollywood and New York, with the accent on New York engagements. Larry was busy in pictures so except for his flying visits there and her short trips to Hollywood they were continually separated.

Then came the phenomenal success of both, resulting in Betty's finally being able to join Larry in Hollywood. The future was brightly promising. But the promise was not fulfilled and disenchantment set in, compensated by the fact that, at least, they were together and, during the long period of career inactivity, they could catch up on their companionship.

They'd not been like other young actors on the brink of stardom. Instead of going head over heels in debt for a large home with a pool, expensive automobiles, a big staff of servants, they'd prepared for any eventuality, started slowly and paid for their small house, gradually adding furnishings and fixing the place up themselves, with Larry very much the handy man about the house.

When Larry first landed in Hollywood with four other fellows from the University of Illinois they financed themselves by building a house and selling it. Thanks to that experience and the scene painting and building he did in college there isn't much Larry doesn't know about keeping a place in good repair.

Because the Parks family leads a very active, constructive life. Far from stag-

nating during the lull in their careers they both take singing lessons, work out in the gym three times a week, write and rehearse comedy skits in the hope that they can do a show together on Broadway. Betty's paintings are considered quite good and she has encouraged Larry to tackle this form of art expression.

One of their favorite forms of recreation is their motorcycle. The club they belong to rides the firebreaks in the Hollywood hills, which is a medium-dangerous form of the sport. Among the club members are a banker and a mortician.

Larry takes a very active part in the affairs of the Actors' Laboratory, one of the best legitimate theater groups in Hollywood. He's on the Advisory Board of the Motion Picture Relief Fund and a member of the Fact Finding Committee of the Screen Actors' Guild. Which doesn't leave him much time to brood over his contract troubles.

It could probably be called a peculiar trait that actors have, that of being very unhappy about not being allowed to work, even though they are paid handsomely for not working. Time is the essence of their trade. The realization that all the good effects of a sensational performance can be lost if not followed up immediately by another, equally good, haunts an actor and keeps him from enjoying his paid-for leisure. Larry has gone a step farther by returning the weekly checks which the studio faithfully mails him.

So in spite of the happiness Larry and Betty have had in being together they're both restless, anxious to get back to work, to follow up on the fine starts they've made. At the moment, Betty's hopes are the brighter. She has made a Technicolor test which MGM has modestly termed sensational. She's much too important a personality to stay idle long. MGM has cast her in one of the starring rôles of the new Margaret O'Brien picture, "The Big City." There is, too, the possibility that Larry and Columbia will have made up their differences before the case comes up in the Federal Courts. In his determination to stand for what he thinks is right he's taking a long chance.



Joan Crawford, who narrated the Community Chest short subject, "Through Many Windows," wins "Red Feather Woman of America" title. E. R. Valentine, Chairman, makes presentation.

dead giveaway. It is the third home in which Veronica has lived since her marriage to André de Toth, the Hungarian director whom she calls by the nickname Bandi. But it is the first house in which they have really had a chance to express their personalities. Their first house was in Sunset Hills. It was much too small, particularly after Michael, their blond handsome young son, came along about two years ago. Their next house was in Beverly Hills. "Living there," says Veronica, "was like living in a goldfish bowl. The houses on our block were so close together that if you stuck your hand out of the window you touched your neighbor's house."

André and Veronica were both soon in rebellion against this living-in-a-goldfish-bowl existence—so much so, in fact, that they sold their home in Beverly Hills before they knew where they'd be able to get another place. For a long time Veronica, who had been brought up in a small town as a young girl, had dreamed of living in the country. Like the man in the song, she wanted to settle down and make the San Fernando Valley her home. "How about Northridge Farms?" she asked André. He shook his head. "It's just far enough away to be inconvenient," he said, "but not really far enough away to be out of town."

However, André himself had wistful longings for a place in the country. He had been brought up on a country estate as a small boy in Hungary. He and Veronica both like the outdoors, and their idea of living doesn't include a ringside table at Ciro's or the Mocambo. So they continued to look for the place of their dreams. They were scheduled to go on location for "Ramrod," and were determined to find a home before they left. But the margin of time grew slimmer and slimmer. Finally their real estate agent threw up her hands. "I've shown you every place I've got," she told Veronica, "except one place—one of the Northridge Farms. Do you want to see that?"

Veronica remembered André's comment about the farms, but decided that she might as well see the place. Once she saw it, she fell for the farm completely. The adobe house which nestled just in front of one of the oldest roads in California—the San Fernando Mission Highway—was right out of a picture magazine. An air of peacefulness and calm pervaded the place. Triumphant she called up André. "Bandi, I've found a home!"

"Oh, that's fine."

"But 23½ acres go with the place."

"What's wrong with that?"

"But it's at Northridge Farms."

"Oh-oh-oh!"

Still, since there was no other place they had liked, Bandi drove out to the farm. He came, saw, and was conquered.

There was one great disadvantage to the place. It had been planned for just two people. But it would have to hold a great many more—Veronica, her daughter Elaine, son Michael, their nurse So-

phie, and of course Bandi. Later on the household was to expand to admit still another very precious member—Bandi's mother, Mrs. Melvina de Toth.

All of this meant that there would have to be a good deal of rebuilding, but living a quiet, calm rural life would be worth it. The day before Bandi went on location, they moved into their new home, which contained a living room, kitchen and den. They decided to remodel these rooms, and build about six additional rooms. But they couldn't do very much about this immediately, for they had bought the house in May, 1946, and Veronica had to go on location in June.

While on location in Utah, Veronica and Bandi discovered in the fields some ancient bells that would fit perfectly on the antique-looking door of their adobe home. There the bells hang today. In Utah, Veronica also found other antiques which would fit into the new home, among them a working model of the first washing machine ever made—it dates back to May 30th, 1865—and a regular-sized antique washing machine.

Veronica likes miniatures, particularly the kind of working models which were apt to be used by traveling salesmen. When you visit her home, you can't help noticing a charming working model of a stove, and also a miniature secretary, charmingly complete in all its details.

Recently Veronica invited me to visit her home. I drove for miles through the San Fernando Valley, then came to Chatham and Northridge Farms. Finally I reached the road which winds past the de Toth guest house and stables and the adobe house. The house stands on a small hill. Vines clamber over the windows. Near the large window on one side you notice that the glass looks different. That's because it's made of the bottoms of bottles—an architectural trick which is often used, with charming effects, in old Western homes.

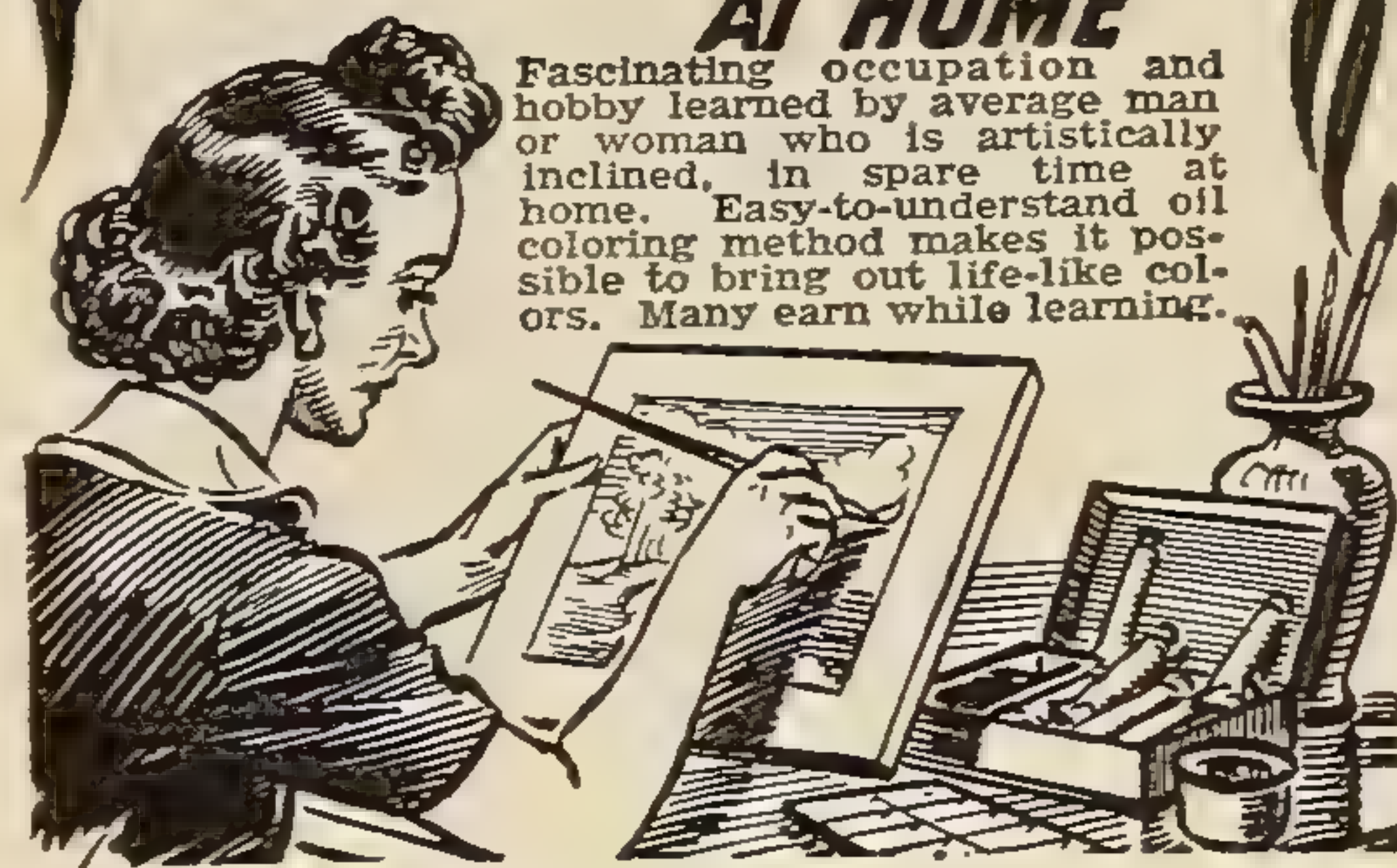
I rang the ancient bells on the pine door, and Sophie, the Hungarian nurse, came to the door with Michael. A huge Doberman trailed along with them. You might have thought that all this was the setting for a novel set in Ramona's day, except that the blond youngster in blue overalls looked disconcertingly modern. And what modern mother hasn't heard time and again, the first five words he spoke? "Hello." Then, turning to Sophie, "I want a cookie." She disappeared in search of cookies, and Veronica came into the room. Not Veronica, the star, but Veronica, the country girl, if you please, with her hair wrapped in a bandanna, her legs well-covered by blue denims, and the famous figure enhanced by a simple white blouse.

"I've gotten to the point," she laughed, "where it's almost as hard to get me into a dress as it is to get most men into a tux. When I have to pose for a portrait sitting, such as I'll have to do in a few days for 'The Sainted Sisters,' I feel almost embarrassed. When Bandi and I are invited out to dinner, I ask, 'Is it

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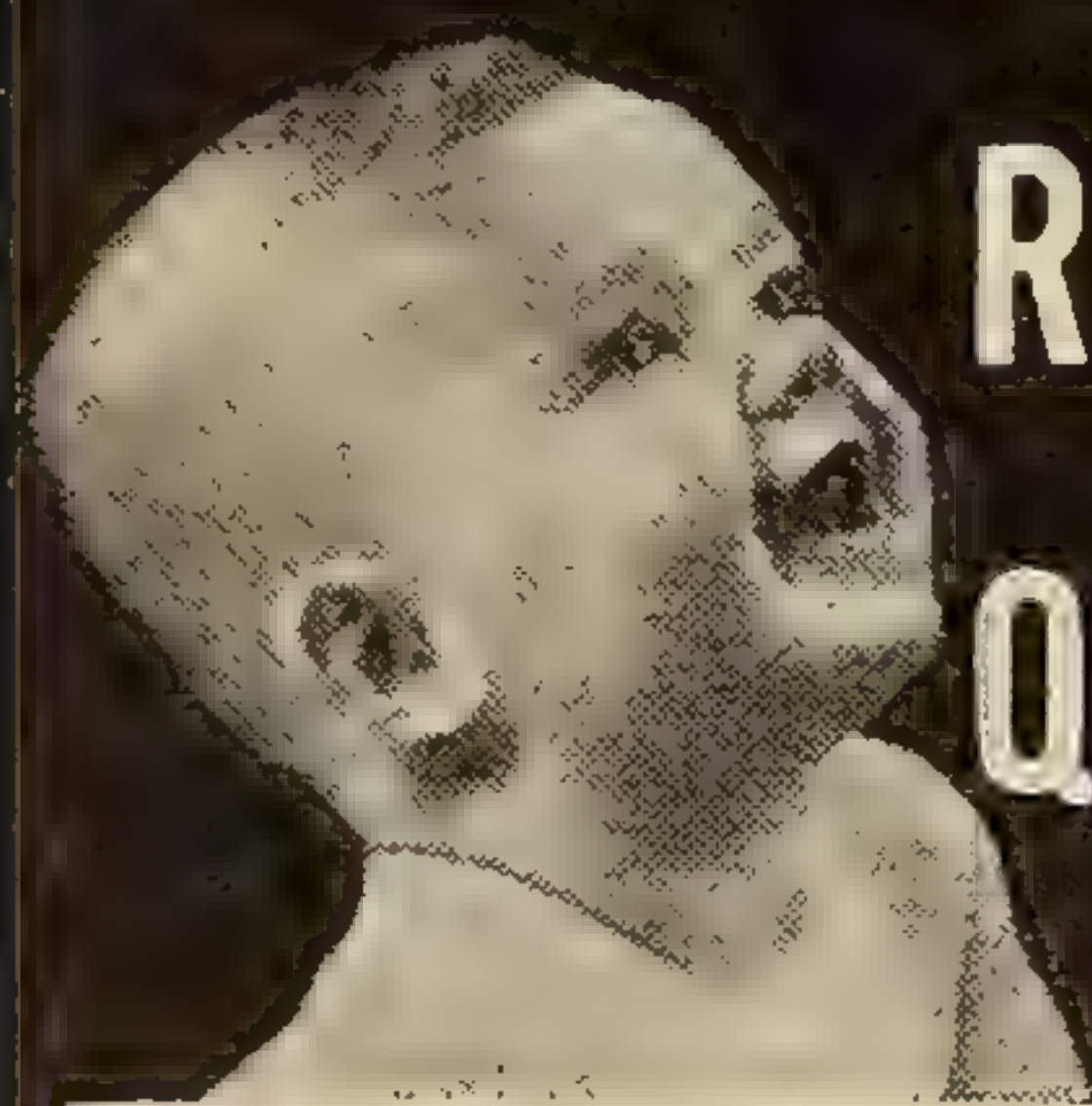
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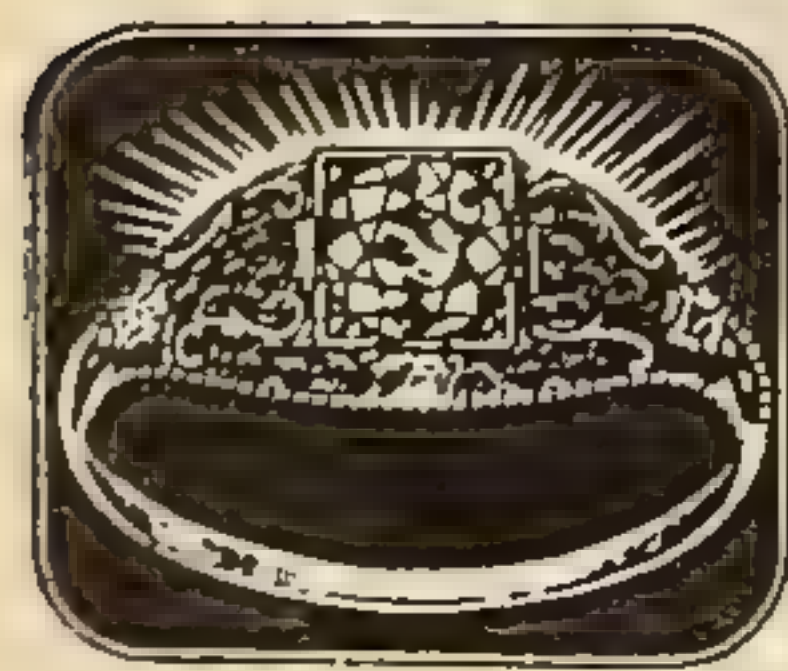
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barbecue or dress?" If it's a dress affair, I'm apt to decide that I'm too busy to go."

Veronica has settled down to rural life as though she never knew any other kind of existence. "It's so peaceful and wonderful here, like being on vacation 365 days a year," she sighed.

When she's not working on a picture, Veronica runs the entire household, with the help of Mrs. de Toth, André's mother. Veronica cooks all the meals, except when Mrs. de Toth makes a Hungarian supper as a special treat for Bandi and the rest. It was Veronica who made the curtains in the kitchen, hemstitching them carefully by hand. Of course, Veronica and Bandi together supervise the children.

"Bandi and I have the same ideas about bringing up children," Veronica told me. "I believe in being stern with children, but at the same time not breaking their spirit. Once in a while I think it clears the air to use a hairbrush on a child when he or she misbehaves. I've used a hairbrush occasionally on Elaine, but I'm sure I haven't broken her spirit."

Just then Elaine came in, swinging her lunch basket in one arm. She's a beautiful child, with dark hair and large eyes. She looks a little like a junior edition of Elizabeth Taylor, since she's all of six years old.

"Some children," she announced scornfully, "are such sissies. I went swimming today, but some of the children were afraid to go into the water." Then still wide-eyed, she added with disarming frankness, "The teacher made us go into the deepest part of the water. I didn't like that. Why did she make us do that?"

"So that if you ever have to swim in deep water, you'll know how," Veronica explained.

"But she wouldn't let me hold my nose!"

Veronica explained that, too, to Elaine's satisfaction. Then Elaine and Michael followed Sophie out-of-doors.

"This place is wonderful for the children," Veronica said happily. "In the city Elaine used to catch frequent colds. Now I'm sure she won't, for she and Michael have been outdoors most of the year. The air here is so much clearer."

In addition to playing with the children and being cook and chief bottle-washer when she's not working on a picture, Veronica plays nurse and veterinarian to the three Dobermans, Red, Francie and Gary. Gary has a special place in the family's heart. Once they owned a Doberman with a gaily devilish disposition, named Cassie. Cassie was a great one for barking at everyone, with her tail wagging. Then one day Cassie was found dead. Someone had cruelly poisoned the dog which had harmed no one. The family mourned Cassie, and Veronica asked the man who owned Cassie's sister to let her have a pup when the sister had a litter. Gary is the son of Cassie's sister, and he looks so much like Cassie that it is startling. What is more, he has Cassie's mannerisms—complete to the tail which wags as he barks.

Right now, Francie is getting Veronica's special attention, for Francie was

very sick recently. For a time it looked as if the dog would die. Veronica took Francie to a veterinarian, who said, after examining Francie thoroughly, that he could find nothing wrong with her. At home Francie continued to wilt. Back Veronica came to the same veterinarian. "You must do something," she begged. "Take X-rays. Do anything necessary to make a diagnosis. Please do everything you can to save Francie." X-rays were taken, and it was discovered that Francie had female trouble. Francie was given special treatment with hormone injections, and now her gay spirits have come back. But it wasn't only the veterinarian who looked after Francie. Veronica took a lot of the responsibility on herself. "In fact," she laughed, "I've had so much experience taking care of Francie, I think if I ever retired from pictures I'd almost be qualified to become a veterinarian myself."

Veronica then took us on a grand tour of the house, starting with the kitchen, which has been completely remodeled. The large brick stove is perfectly suited to a country home. There are two large refrigerators in the room—after all, when you're living in the country you can't be running down to the store every other day.

The living room is the heart of the house. It's a spacious room, furnished with American colonial antique pieces and some modern pieces of furniture, but not of an extreme style. The modern pieces mingle comfortably with the colonial pieces. And in special niches in the room are gay figurines, some of them bought by Veronica, some brought by Mrs. de Toth from her home in Hungary.

Hanging on one wall is a beautiful painting of Mrs. de Toth, at the age of twenty-three. Looking at that painting, it is easy to see that she was always a very lovely woman, with her dark hair (now grown gray) and perfectly modeled features. Her face, lovely and serene, is oval. On one shoulder rests a corsage of violets, her favorite flower.

In one of the niches in the room are two figurines with a space in each for flowers. While Mrs. de Toth's husband was alive, the two spaces were filled with violets every day.

Although they have known each other for only ten months, Veronica and Mrs. de Toth feel very close to each other. This closeness is revealed symbolically in those two figurines contributed to the household by Mrs. de Toth, for they are made of the same materials and in the same style as a figurine which Veronica once bought, and which she has always liked very much.

It was Veronica who first suggested to André that they send for Mrs. de Toth, who had gone through all the ravages of war in Hungary, and who had lost her only other son in the war. Since her husband had died some time before, she had had no immediate family left in Hungary.

Veronica not only wanted to meet André's mother, she was also sure that Mrs. de Toth would fit beautifully into their household. All her life Veronica had longed to establish roots somewhere. Working from earliest girlhood, she had never really felt she had a home or a

home life until she and Bandi settled down at Northridge Farms. She knew from all the things André had told her that Mrs. de Toth was a beautiful, gracious woman of fine breeding. It would be wonderful for the children to have this lovely person become part of the household.

Mrs. de Toth flew from Hungary. Clapping her son on the back, she said, "This is the only way to travel." She knew practically no English, but Veronica and she both knew the language of the heart. In Veronica's eyes she read of her love for André, and she was very much touched. Practically the first words of English she learned to speak were, "Love daughter. Beautiful." Veronica, without a trace of affectation, calls this lovely woman "Mama." Elaine has learned in just ten months' time to speak Hungarian without a trace of an American accent. A wonderful mimic with a flair for languages, Elaine repeats her grandmother's words with exactly the same intonation and accent as Mrs. de Toth herself uses. And even Michael is learning to speak Hungarian.

The living room is part Veronica, part Mrs. de Toth, and part Bandi. Veronica's touches are the samovar, decorated with stamps from the fan mail she has received, the pine desk, the indoor garden, the doll collection over the desk and the Indian dolls in the room. Bandi's touches are a clock which he won in college for some achievement or other in sports or scholarship ("I never could drag out of him any information as to what he won the prize for," laughs Veronica); a coyote skin hanging over the mantel, two more coyote skins on the large couch in the living room, and a lynx skin on the large piano. The painting of Mrs. de Toth, a beautiful still life, a hand-embroidered piano scarf, a petit-point Madonna and a wooden mosaic showing Hungarian peasants in a typical rural scene are all additions to the household which were brought by Mrs. de Toth. Just as the personalities of these three blend well together, so do the furnishings, which express their three different types of personalities.

When the house is completed, there will be a special room for the children, with plastic collapsible walls, so that they can have privacy at night. The walls will divide the room in two at night; then the walls will collapse in the daytime, making one large pleasant room.

"It's a comfortable house," said Veronica. "You can sit on any chair, and put your feet anywhere, without the furniture getting beaten up. This kind of furniture might look absurd somewhere else, but it is perfect for this type of house, we think."

Nearly always, Bandi and Veronica are able to agree on just what they want to do with the house. When they have a difference of opinion, neither loses his temper; they just discuss the matter, and then compromise. Originally, when Bandi saw the fireplace for the bedroom, he thought it would be much too small. "Perhaps it will be," agreed Veronica, "but let's wait until the walls are up and the floor down. Then if you still think the fireplace is small, we'll rip it out and

put in a larger one." Bandi agreed that this was a sensible solution. Now the walls are up, and the floors down, and with these new changes, the fireplace seems just the right size to him.

"So many people have a difference of opinion, and because the other person doesn't agree, one or both of them will fly off the handle. I think that's silly," says Veronica. "But I must confess there was a time before I met Bandi, when I was difficult to handle. That was because I had a terrible inferiority complex. If you ever heard stories of my terrible temperament, it was because of that complex."

When Veronica first met Bandi through Vic Orsatti, the agent, who is a friend of both, he'd undoubtedly heard stories about how temperamental she was. But he said nothing of those stories. He discovered that here was a girl with whom a man could have a great deal of fun without getting himself into a romantic entanglement. At the time André was a confirmed bachelor, and intended to remain one. As for Veronica, she had had a great many heartaches caused by one unhappy marriage, and she didn't intend to expose herself to any more heartaches. She was delighted to go out with Bandi. Here was a man who was handsome, a wonderful escort, a grand companion.

Both of them undoubtedly congratulated themselves because they'd found friendship without romance. But after they'd been going out together for four or five months, they sat in front of the fireplace talking quietly together one night, and suddenly realized that their dreams of friendship without romance had vanished, to be replaced by other, even more satisfactory dreams. So they were married, and it's a tip-off on Veronica's sentimentality that she still has the ice blue crepe dress she wore at her wedding.

They had been going together for about a year when they were married. "Physical attraction," Veronica says wisely, "is the basis of so many marriages. Where that exists without any real understanding or companionship, the marriage isn't likely to last. But Bandi and I had the year before we were married in which to learn to understand each other thoroughly."

"Before I met Bandi, I never knew anyone who liked outdoor life as much as I do. I hadn't held a fishing pole in my hand since I was a kid, but I'd always loved it. I'd done target shooting as a youngster too, but never gone on

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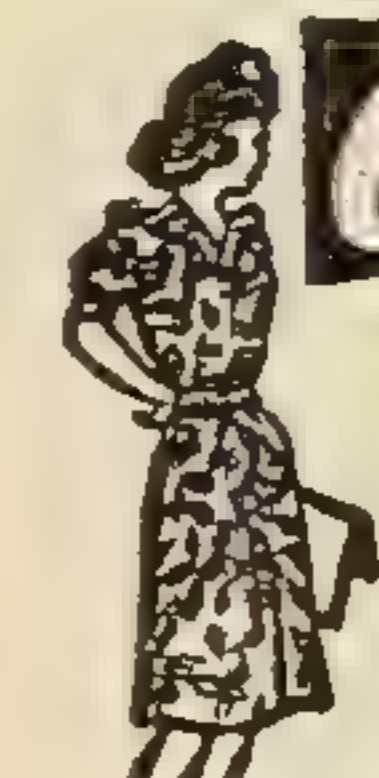
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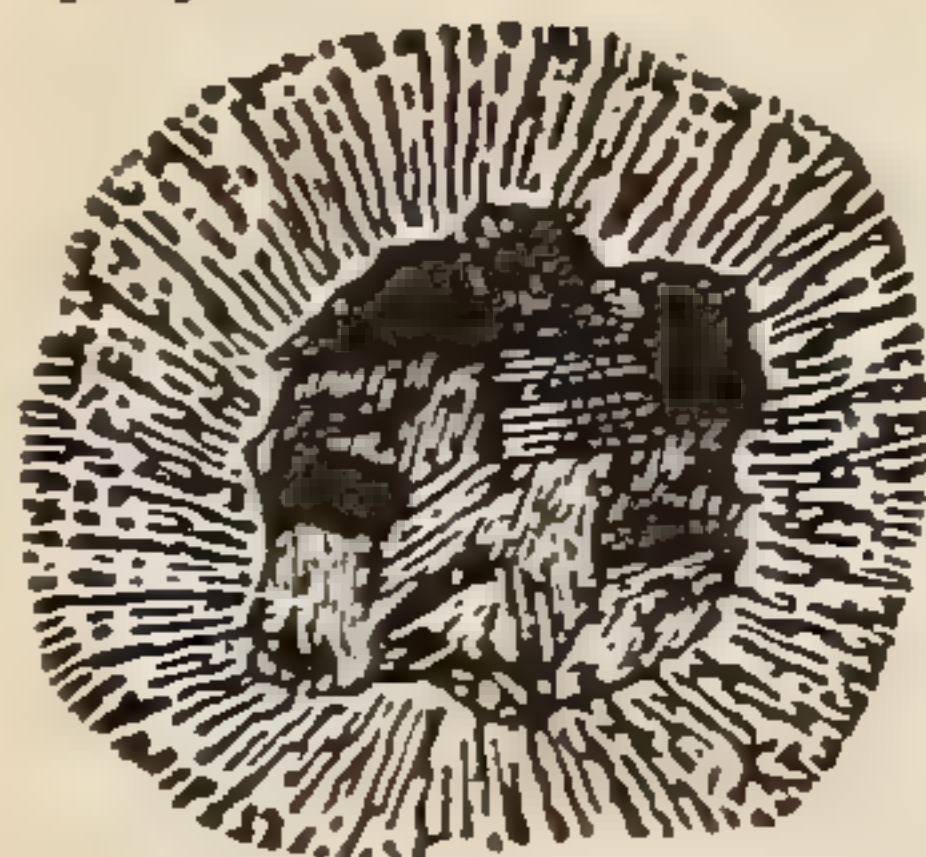
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a real hunting trip. Then, shortly before we were married, Bandi suggested we go on a pack trip with Elisha Cook and Mrs. Cook. It was rugged country we went to, and Bandi was sure I would collapse in two days. When I didn't, he claimed later, he told himself, 'That's the girl for me.' We knew before that trip that we were in love, but Bandi claims that the way I took to hunting, fishing and rugged outdoor life, cinched the deal!"

Veronica and Bandi don't plan to make a commercial proposition of their farm (that would be hard to do on 23½ acres) but they do plan to raise enough vegetables for their own family. They hope to have 10 or 15 steer, some chickens, and a few horses. They've gotten a head-start on the horses. Some time ago Veronica bought a paint with black mane and tail for Bandi, and named the horse Bishop. Bishop is large and handsome and comes from Texas, which is a coincidence in a way, as Bandi also likes to rib people by saying he comes from Texas. When people ask him about his accent, he says kiddingly, "That's my Texas drawl." He picked Texas as his "native state" because "everything there grows bigger and better." And of course he's proud of Bishop, who proves his Texas origin by being bigger and better than most horses. He's so spirited that Veronica says frankly, "I don't dare ride him till after Bandi takes the steam off him."

Veronica now goes to sleep at 10, and awakes at seven, except on those days when Michael gets her up at 5:30 by singing "School Days" at the top of his youthful lungs. One of his favorite words, next to "cookie," is "school." He's going to nursery school now. Veronica considers this a blessing, for until Michael started going to school, there were no children in the neighborhood his own age to play with. Now he's never lonesome.

Like all married couples, the de Toths have their problems. The house has cost them far more in additions and remodel-

ing than they dreamed it would. But they have each other, and a way of life they thoroughly enjoy.

"Like most confirmed bachelors," says Veronica, "Bandi makes a wonderful husband. Men seldom like a man whom women like, but everyone, regardless of sex, age, or position in life, likes Bandi. He likes everyone, and no matter whom he meets, he always strikes some note in common with them."

Veronica, the girl with the temperament, has settled down into a woman at peace with the world. "I never get upset by little things any more," she told me. "I used to be very temperamental and easily upset, but living with someone as level as Bandi has made me more level."

Leaving the farmhouse, I met Bandi, who was just driving home. He waved to me as I passed him. I caught a glimpse of a deeply suntanned man with blue eyes and dark hair and a quiet smile. "How's my girl?" he asked.

"Elaine?" I said. "She's fine."

"That's good. And how's my other girl?"

There was no doubt whom he meant. Veronica, the center of his life, as he is of hers. In their home at Northridge Farms they have captured something of the nostalgia which clings to most of our memories of what farms are or should be like. The comfortable chairs, the pine furniture, the old-fashioned washing machine are all reminiscent of an era which many of us yearn for but find it hard to recapture. For André, in addition, life at Northridge Farms must be somewhat reminiscent of the life he lived as a boy on a country estate in Hungary. At the age of ten he went hunting with his father. He is grateful to the woman who has made it possible for him to live the kind of life he always wanted—a simple, quiet, peaceful rural life. He must also know a deep inner contentment because here on Northridge Farms two women born in different generations and in different countries have proved that it is possible for the women a man loves to get along with each other.

You Can't Win Alone!

Continued from page 36

Personally, she still had faith in the permanence of the theater, so she was scurrying around, trying to get a break. She knew she had certain problems: she was tall, and she was what unkind persons termed "angular." In the privacy of her own room she thought her style was a certain coltish insouciance, but an actress must accept the opinion of others all the days of her life, so she was "angular." She was also intense, sensitive, great-eyed, well-educated (she had a B.A. degree which would have allowed her to be a school teacher had she chosen) and she possessed boundless dramatic talent.

Day in and day out she made the rounds of the producers' offices. Day in and day out she was told that there was nothing for her. At the corner drugstore hangout, where all hopeful Thespians met, there was always an early morning quarterback who called signals. He would say, "No use bothering McClintic; he's

not casting. No sense in traipsing all the way to Abbott's office—nothing doing there." A good many of the fountain patrons would launch upon a dreary recital of how long it had been since they had received a check from home, how rough it was to crack the theatrical casting shell, and how lucky the established people were to have broken in "when there wasn't so much competition."

It would have been easy, pleasant, and comradely to join the mourning chorus on the red leather stools, but Rosalind had a stubborn conviction that, if she continued to work at seeking out any little, lonesome part that needed her for company, eventually she would get a break. She had a tight-lipped, square-jawed belief in her ability to play any given part within her scope, in a workmanlike manner. She *didn't* think of herself as an unrecognized Joan of Arc; she *did* regard herself as knowing her job,

being equipped for it, and competent to perform it. She had faith in herself.

One morning she arrived at a casting office on the heels of an elderly, rather pathetic woman. The boy at the reception desk—without even bothering to glance up from his morning copy of *Variety*—yelled, "Nothing for you! Nothing at all. No use hanging around. Be on your way!" The woman, apparently accustomed to such rudeness, thanked the boy with patient courtesy and slowly left the office, closing the door softly.

Rosalind couldn't stand it. (She has never been noted for refraining from speaking her mind.) She said to the boy, "It wasn't necessary for you to be so gruff and curt to that little old lady. You could have told her in a nice way that there wasn't a part for her this morning. You didn't have to bark at her."

The boy put down his paper and grinned at Roz. "You're new around here, aren't you? Well, I'll tell you something. That old girl has been making the rounds for years, trying to get a job. A long time ago she did get a little work—mainly because people felt sorry for her. But she can't act. She can't read lines. She doesn't have the faintest notion of what to do on a stage. But she refuses to face the fact and quit." He closed the conversation by saying that there wasn't anything for Miss Russell that day either.

As she trudged slowly down the corridor afterward, she gave herself a lecture. She believed in herself, that was true. But that aged, wistful woman without talent believed in herself, too. She had been mistaken in her choice of a career. And, thought Roz sadly, so might Rosalind Russell.

She made a vow. She would give herself five years. If, at the end of that time she had not established herself as an actress, she would abandon all attempt to conquer professional drama, and would direct her efforts into some other channel.

Shortly afterward (breathing a sigh of sheer gratitude) Rosalind Russell began to get small parts, then larger parts, then starring rôles, and finally she was signed for motion pictures.

At this point there came another change in Rosalind's career, a change that serves to illustrate her point that one must be lucky enough to inspire the faith of others. If you saw "The Women," a picture made by MGM which starred Joan Crawford and Norma Shearer, you may remember that playing the part of the caustic comedienne was a departure for Roz Russell. From "The Citadel" and "Night Must Fall" to "The Women" was a long, long step, and one that—to be quite frank—some people didn't think she could take.

Having read the script, Roz was agog to play the part. She felt that it would open the field of comedy to her, and that she would enjoy it. But, as is always the case in Hollywood, there were some who, when she was suggested for the rôle, simply said, "She can't do it. She's not the brisk, terse, wise-cracking type."

Yet there was one man at MGM who insisted that the part was within her scope. He believed in her enough to

gamble the success of the production on her ability to give a brittle, high-comedy performance. To friends she said at the time, "Believe me, I would have responded to his trust, even if it had meant giving a performance while shelling peas and hanging from my knees from a B-29 in full flight."

More recently, Mr. Dudley Nichols was honored by Mr. Eugene O'Neill, who wrote "Mourning Becomes Electra," by being awarded the motion picture rights to the story property. All the major studios had dickered, at steller space prices, for the rights to make the picture, but Mr. O'Neill had refused without a backward glance until he was approached by Dudley Nichols.

Mr. Nichols telephoned Roz, where she was vacationing in Palm Springs, to say that he wouldn't attempt to produce the psychological murder story unless she would accept the lead. As you undoubtedly know, *Lavinia* (in "Mourning Becomes Electra") is a malevolent, inverted, neurotic sort of person who must be portrayed somberly, without a relieving note in mood or key. When Roz read the picture script, she felt only a great humbleness and a sincere trepidation.

She said as much to Dudley Nichols. Few greater honors could come to an actress; few could have been as frightened at the thought of portraying *Lavinia* as Roz was. When she confided her uncertainty and self-doubt to Mr. Nichols, he grinned and said, "I'm not worried about you at all. You have the scope and the concentration; you'll surprise yourself in this rôle." Bowing to the nice man, she made strangled sounds meaning, "I'll do it or die in the attempt."

After Mr. O'Neill saw the completed picture he wired her, "Miss Russell, yours is the greatest sustained performance I have ever seen." That telegram is going to be framed, probably in gold leaf. It is going to be passed down in the Brisson family from generation to generation, and Roz is thinking of including some sort of a hex in her will against any future great-great-granddaughter who slides the picture of her boy friend into the frame to hide the wrinkled telegram. In the midst of her jubilation, Roz hasn't forgotten the salient fact that she would never have had a chance at the part if it hadn't been for Dudley Nichols' faith in her.

In respect to her third point, that we must have faith in something infinitely greater than ourselves or our fellow human beings, her favorite illustration is taken—not from her own life—but from the life of a man who is very dear to Roz and her husband, Fred Brisson, and

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Ingrid Bergman's performance as the French martyr, Joan of Arc, is a treat in store for movie audiences. Here she asks guidance for "voices" in Sierra Pictures' "Joan."

a man you also have read about: Colonel Hans Christian Adamson.

Approximately eight months before Hans took off with Captain Eddie Rickenbacker and his party for an inspection tour of the South Pacific, Hans had dinner with Rosalind and Fred. Fred was a captain in the Army at the time and was doing a great deal of flying in line of duty. Naturally, Fred and Hans talked about new types of aircraft, flying in general, the speed with which new instruments were being developed, and so on. In the midst of the conversation Hans fumbled in his pocket for a minute, then brought forth a heap of coins in the midst of which was a sterling silver religious medal about the size of a half dollar. It honored St. Joseph of Copernicum. You probably know that St. Joseph (not the father of the Holy Family) who lived from 1603 to 1663, was selected by the Air Force as its patron saint.

"This is for you, Fred," Hans said in the embarrassed way men have of presenting a gift, and started to hand it across the table.

For some reason which, to this day, Roz does not entirely understand, she extended her own hand to intercept and reject the gift. "No," she said, shocking herself with the unintentional harshness of her tone. "No! You keep it."

Both Fred and Hans looked at her as if she had lost her mind. Feeling like a perfect idiot, she mumbled some lame apology, but when Hans still tried to give the medal to Fred, she interfered a second time. That night, after their guests had left, Fred said wonderingly to Roz, "What happened? Why were you so strongly opposed to Hans giving me the St. Joseph medal?"

Rosalind couldn't explain. She still can't, except to say that perhaps each of us may be used on occasion as an instrument of fate.

Eight months later—by which time Roz hoped that both men had forgotten her odd behavior—Hans was in California again. He was bound for San Francisco where he was to meet Captain Rickenbacker. Hans was in a mood that was, for him, completely out of character. Ordinarily a hearty, optimistic man with a great booming laugh, he worried Fred and Roz by being almost gloomy when

they had dinner with him on his last night in town. Although he didn't say so in specific words, he appeared to feel that the expedition was ill-starred. Even the next morning, when he called to say goodbye and asked Roz to telephone his wife in the east as he hadn't been able to put through a call because of the long distance situation, he said, "I'm not coming back, you know."

Rosalind brushed off the suggestion. "Do you remember the St. Joseph medal you tried to give Fred?" she asked.

He said he still had it in his pocket, and that he intended to give it to Fred as soon as Roz had overcome her odd reluctance.

"Well, if anything should happen—which of course it won't," Roz said, "take that medal in your hand and hold it with all of your faith concentrated on coming out of the trouble safely. Something tangible like that helps to focus your powers of belief and trust. Remember that, Hans. Hold on to the medal."

So Hans and the Rickenbacher party took off from San Francisco, and a few days later all the world knew that they had been forced to ditch their plane somewhere in the vastness of the Pacific.

Fred and Roz were heartsick. Roz gave up hope at once, but Fred refused to take a gloomy view. "With two men like Rick and Hans aboard, those people will come through all right. Besides, our forces have been patrolling the Pacific as if it were an inland lake. They'll be found," he insisted.

A week passed. No word. Two weeks. No word. Roz was broken-hearted. She simply could not reconcile herself to the loss of men as fine as Hans and the others. Still Fred did not despair. "You have to give them time," he said.

Three weeks went by, and even radio commentators were adding up the odds against the Rickenbacher party being found alive. And then—on the twenty-second day—the wonderful news reached the Brissons that Hans Adamson was alive. He had been badly injured and he was ill, but his spirit was superb, and he was being flown home to receive the best of medical care. He asked that the Brissons meet him at Lockheed Air Terminal. The hospital plane was scheduled to make a short stopover at Burbank for

refueling, and Hans sent word that he would like to see Fred and Roz.

Roz hesitated. "There will be photographers at the airport," she told Fred. "Because I'm an actress, they may think I'm trying to horn in. I couldn't endure being accused of getting publicity by going to see a sick hero."

Fred is a realistic man who puts up with no nonsense. "You will be going to the airport as my wife, and as a personal friend of Colonel Adamson," he countered. "Stop worrying and come along."

To see Hans again was wonderful beyond telling. Because of his back injury he couldn't leave his bed in the hospital plane, of course, but he let his friends know, by his high spirits and his will to live, that he was going to be all right.

Fred, noticing that Hans' right hand was bandaged, asked what had happened to it.

"Roz knows," Colonel Adamson said.

She hesitated. She couldn't remember having heard anything about an accident to his hand, nor could she recall such an account in the newspapers.

When he saw that Roz was genuinely puzzled, he told the story. As soon as he stepped into the life raft, after the plane had been ditched and the men had taken to boats, Hans extracted the medal of St. Joseph from his soaked pocket and clutched it firmly in his right hand. It became a talisman of his faith in ultimate deliverance. Day and night, night and day, for three weeks, he clung to his trust in the vigilance and the goodness of God.

When the lone Navy plane passed high over the rafts on the twenty-first day, but continued on its way, Hans doggedly gripped the medal and with it his conviction that the pilot had seen them. That was true, but the reconnaissance pilot was so short of gas that he had no choice but to take bearings, scorch back to base, spread the news, and then join in the rescue flight. When the amphibian finally reached the life raft, it had to circle for hours in order to make a landing in the high seas.

When Hans finally reached land and medical aid, his hand had to be pried open. To this day, it is impossible for Colonel Adamson to extend his right hand flatly; the fingers still curl in memory of those burning, salt-raw days on the blazing sea when all hope of rescue was concentrated on a talisman no larger than a silver half-dollar.

Many months afterward, Colonel Adamson had the St. Joseph medal polished and set in a tiny glass case for Rosalind Russell. It is a memento that she values more than words can express.

She sums up her secret for success by saying, "In our everyday lives and in our chosen careers, it is seldom necessary for us to plumb the depths of our stores of faith, but a measure of that profound belief is absolutely essential."

"So here I am, right back where I started, reiterating my conviction that it is necessary for an ambitious person to have faith in himself, certainly, but far above that is one's need for the faith reposed in him by others, and one's need for a faith in the goodness of God."

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